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THE
ENGLISH REVIEW

AUGUST, 1916

Paradise Fruit

By Douglas Ainslie

Now when Mother Eve of the Apple had eaten
From the Tree of the Knowledge of Good and Evil,
With the wrath of God she was scourged and beaten,
Which mightily rejoiced the Devil;

For though, poor fool, she had duly swallowed
The golden globe of the glowing fruit,
Not thus, not thus, it followed
That in her poor brain would wisdom shoot.

For Fruit can grow but in fruitful soil,
And in Adam's rib where can wisdom be?
Laughed the Devil, as glittering coil on coil
Like a jewelled ring wound round the Tree.

Certès, had Jahveh but been wise
(Wise is he not, but very strong),
Might Adam and Eve in harmless guise
Have ate of the Fruit and thought no wrong.

Or had he no one fruit forbidden,
They had never found this small dark tree,
Which in a misty veil is hidden,
Or from his Garden banished Me.

Adam and Eve, one fool made two
(And Jahveh rageth passing sweet!),
See where they run down the alley of yew,
The flames of his wrath are as wings to their feet.

Fast towards the Flaming Gate they speed,
Burned to the soul by the wrath divine:
The sun shines sheer like a righteous deed,
Sheer on the purple and golden vine.

The tendrils sway from the moss-grown trees,
They twine in the locks of the stricken pair,
As they reach the gate one slip of these
Bends towards her hand; now will she dare?

"Nought from the Garden must ye carry,"
But the broken tendril clasps she close,
As without in the desert bleak they tarry,
Then roam the desert where no flower grows.

By the bank of Tigris, weary and worn,
They lie together, and at their side
That slip from the vine of Paradise torn,
Worth all the trees in the world beside.

Yea, this bare Eve, this shoot alone,
Of all the trees in Paradise;
On Tigris bank has the first vine grown
That melts into blue our Northern skies,

That with the magic rod can change
Sorrow to joy, and joy to bliss:
High or low though thought may arrange,
It shall find not ever a rod like this.

Thanks be to thee, then, Mother of ours,
That gave us a gift all gifts above;
Wine hangs a jewel on all its hours:
Eve gave us wine—and Eve was Love.

Homing Wings

By Henry Head

Poised like the black-winged swallow born to roam
And find a living in the ambient air,
We sacrificed our home
For unpolluted realms of natural law.
Must we despair
Because the neutral tissue of our dreams
Dissolves like ravelled mist before the heat,
And at our feet
The radiant prospect of this ancient land,
Grey hamlets, happy fields, sequestered streams,
Unconquerable stand?
E'en the world-wandering bird suspends her nest
Beneath the overhanging cottage eaves
In fecund rest;
And breezes ocean-born
In brooding oaks scarce stir the crumpled leaves,
Where poppies flame among the ripening corn.
So we return to worship homely things,
That filled our baby hands, ancestral springs
Resurgent and intense
Stirring the reverent heart
Of childhood's innocence.

Bowdler Bowdlerised

By Richard Whiteing

THE luck of the bookstalls threw a copy of Bowdler's *Family Shakespeare* in my hands the other day, at the very moment they were celebrating another centenary of his victim. In the far-off times of good Victoria he undertook, as we know, to fix up "The Bard" for the use of the young person by cutting out all the naughty words. I had never read him; I had only read of him; and I suspect that many who still find his name handy as an active verb are in the same case. Here was my chance. I netted him at the low price of one shilling, in a fourth and, I think, final edition of over 900 pages, illustrated, gilt-edged, and published by Longmans in 1872.

I was so delighted about it that I could not forbear a chuckle in the daily Press; and, that done, I settled down to a second reading following upon a hasty first. His colossal scheme was to make his Bard as innocuous as a tract. He had every opportunity, if not every qualification, for the venture. He was a physician of standing and a man of some wealth, and he caught his passion for clearing up the classics from his "estimable friend," Mrs. Montague. She had vindicated Shakespeare against the aspersions of Voltaire in regard to his merit as a dramatist; there was but one thing more to do—make him fit reading for the young. So he went solemnly through his task, without rest, without haste; and when he thought he had rendered the plays fit for the entertainment of babes and sucklings, we may imagine him leaning back in his chair and apostrophising the skies—to which he was in due course to pass as a constellation of all the proprieties—for an approving nod. With becoming apologies for shortcomings that only enhance his sense of achievement, he gloats over his labours in preface after preface—two to the

more important editions, four more to particular plays chosen to show the difficulties of the undertaking.

"I cannot but be gratified that no person appears to have detected any indecent expression in these volumes. But this has not made me less solicitous to direct my own attention to that object, and to endeavour to render the work as unobjectionable as possible. . . . I can hardly imagine a more pleasing occupation for a winter's evening in the country than for a father to read one of Shakespeare's plays to his family circle. My object is to enable him to do so without incurring the danger of falling unawares among words and expressions which are of such a nature as to raise a blush on the cheek of modesty, or render it necessary for the reader to pause and examine the sequel before he proceeds further in the entertainment of the evening."

In due course we find him at close quarters with the two parts of *Henry IV.*:

"Feeling the difficulty of the task, I take as a guide the following extract from the just observations of my deceased friend:—'There are delicacies of decorum in one age unknown to another age: but whatever is immoral, is equally blameable in all ages; and every approach to obscenity is an offence, for which wit cannot atone, nor the barbarism or the corruption of the times afford an excuse. Mine hostess Quickly is of a species not extinct. It may be said the author there sinks from comedy to farce; but she helps to complete the character of Falstaff, and some of the dialogues in which she is engaged are diverting. Every scene in which Doll Tearsheet appears is indecent; and therefore not only indefensible, but inexcusable.' After the foregoing quotation my readers will not be surprised if the name of the last-mentioned person is not to be found in the following plays."

Well, let us see, let us see!

The last-mentioned "person" having been thus summarily dismissed from her situation in the cast, we are left in the company of her gossip, Mrs. Quickly, and the Fat Knight.

The latter and his roystering associates begin fair

enough in the First Part, and with all the promise of reformed characters. Prince Hal's "What a devil hast thou to do with the time of day?" loses its "devil" with a stroke of the blue pencil. The knight's "And is not my hostess of the tavern a most sweet wench?" becomes "a most sweet girl"—to which youthful appellation, by the way, she has never laid claim. His "O, thou hast damnable iteration, and art indeed able to corrupt a saint," loses all its grossness by starting with "O thou art indeed able," which with the magic of a touch makes it fit reading for a saint or a Sunday school. Even his "Zounds, where thou wilt, lad," loses the "Zounds," and most appropriately, since it is but the cry of joy at the prospect of taking a purse. His wholly superfluous "By the Lord" of another passage dies the death.

The pace is terrific, for we are in a purer air; but, alas! this thickens again as we reach the Second Part. There is still a gallant struggle for the higher plane at the outset. The Knight's "I looked a' should have sent me two and twenty yards of satin" is set right by the change of the coarsely colloquial "a'" into "he," and we dash on with the pleasing expectation of all right ahead, when we are suddenly pulled up with a "An I could but get me a wife in the stews" in all the naked and unexpurgated horror of the original text. It is all very well to suppose that the young person may mistake this for a cryptic reference to the Irish stews of nursery days, but he ought not to have been suffered to run the risk. And what are we, or he, to say when we come to: "The young prince hath misled me: I am the fellow with the great belly, and he my dog." Hem! Yet, but a few lines lower down, the Lord Chief Justice of England is prevented from taunting the old sinner with his "increasing belly," as it stands in the canon, by the substitution of "body" for the objectionable term. But it is a short-lived joy. Soon we have Falstaff's "My lord, I was born about three of the clock in the afternoon, with a white head, and something of a round belly." Why with this truly damnable iteration of the unpleasant fact that we have an organ so odiously ungenteel? He might have called it a stomach, and saved the situation, at whatever cost to the proprieties of science.

We are now at the beginning of Bowdler's decline into

inconsistency, only to find ourselves going farther and faring worse. His capacity for straining at gnats, of which we have had some examples, is fully equalled by his power of swallowing camels. He will soon be talking to his unhappy charges with a frankness that would bring a visible blush to the cheek of a chimney-sweep. His little coy starts at "devil," "wench," "damnable," "Zounds," and what not are now at an end. In *Measure for Measure*, his pet sample of success, we shall find him following the old text with a merciless fidelity, though, after his manner, making a mealy-mouthed attempt to right himself by an improving preface on the moral values of the respective characters.

"This comedy contains scenes which are truly worthy of the first of dramatic poets. Isabella pleading with Angelo in behalf of mercy to her brother, and afterwards insisting that his life must not be purchased by the sacrifice of her chastity, is an object of such interest as to make the reader desirous of overlooking the many great defects which are to be found in other parts of this play. The story is little suited to a comedy. The wickedness of Angelo is so atrocious that I recollect only one instance of a similar kind being recorded in history, and that is considered by many persons as of doubtful authority. His crimes, indeed, are not completed, but he supposes them to be so; and his guilt is as great as it would have been if the person of Isabella had been violated and the head of Ragozine had been Claudio's. This monster of iniquity appears before the Duke, defending his cause with unblushing boldness; and after the detection of his crimes he can scarcely be said to receive any punishment. A hope is even expressed that he will prove a good husband, but for no good reason—namely, because he has been *a little bad*. Angelo abandoned his contracted wife for the most despicable of all reasons, the loss of her fortune. He added to his guilt not only insensibility to her affliction, but the detestable aggravation of injuring her reputation by an unfounded slander: ascribing his desertion of Mariana to levity in her conduct, of which she never was guilty.

"These are the crimes which, in the language of Mariana, are expressed by the words *a little bad*; and,

with a perfect knowledge of Angelo's having committed them, she

> 'Craves no other, nor no better man'

"Claudio's life having been preserved by the Provost, it would not, perhaps, have been lawful to have put Angelo to death; but the Duke might with great propriety have addressed him in the words of Bolingbroke to Exton:

> 'Go, wander through the shades of night,
> And never show thy head by day nor light.'

"Other parts of the play are not without faults. The best characters act too much upon a system of duplicity and falsehood; and the Duke, in the first act, trifles cruelly with the feelings of Isabella, allowing her to suppose her brother to be dead much longer than the story of the play required. Lucio is inconsistent as well as profligate. He appears, in the first act, as the friend of Claudio, and in the fifth he assists the cause of Angelo, whom he supposes to be his murderer. Lastly, the indecent expressions with which many of the scenes abound are so interwoven with the story that it is extremely difficult to separate the one from the other."

What, pray, has all this to do with it? We are not to be told that one person is naughty and another nice; we have placed ourselves in his care to have them fixed up with the proprieties of "decorum" for family use. Yet this purpose seems all forgotten when we find the wretched Claudio whining his: "I got possession of Julietta's bed," and Lucio following suit with his "With child, perhaps?" by way of putting the dots on the i's. Having gulped down these camels without a qualm, our author seems to bethink him that he had now better give the gnats a turn. So Lucio's "He hath got his friend with child" is promptly bowdlerised into: "His friend's with child by him"—a distinction absolutely without a difference. Yet a little farther on, when Isabella, more innocently than any of them, asks, "Someone with child by him?" she is promptly blue-pencilled for her pains. A little more concern for the dignity of his own mission, if not for the welfare of the young, might have led our mentor to rewrite the whole

scene on the basis of the nursery legend that children are usually brought into the world by digging for them in a strawberry bed.

Bowdler is ready for anything after this. Though now busy with *Antony and Cleopatra*, he is in the atmosphere of the Boar's Head in Eastcheap, where you may say anything and hear anything said. He seems to have forgotten all about the young person. He leaves him, in fact, outside the public-house door, as they do in our day under the Act.

Characteristically, however, he begins with a sacrifice to the gods of propriety. "He hath given his empire up to a whore," says Shakespeare's Cæsar; "He hath given his empire up to Cleopatra," says Bowdler. That over, he is for every man in his humour, like some devotees who having burned their candle set forth to fresh sin, "Triple turned whore 'tis thou," says Antony of the lady; and Bowdler echoes him word for word. "Lay me stark naked, and let the water-flies blow me into abhorring," says Cleopatra; and Bowdler follows her to the letter. Now either the first of these omissions was a mere make-believe or the last were outrageous sins of bad memory and bad editing in this quadruply-edited play. In any case, our purist is caught *in flagrante delicto* of unfitness for his self-appointed task. He may have it either way.

He is just about as bad in *Hamlet*. First an ostentatious blue-pencilling or two to show that dog Fido is ever on the alert. "Breathing like sanctified and pious bawds," says Shakespeare's Polonius to Ophelia; "bonds" for bawds, corrects our editor, only to make nonsense of the whole line. And again in the Prince's "Ay, truly, for the power of beauty will sooner transform honesty from what it is into bawd"—*debase* made to oust *transform* in *The Family Shakespeare*, for no reason whatever, and the last three words cut, though, as we have just seen, an infinitely grosser equivalent has been freely admitted in another play. Once more in *Hamlet*: "Gramercy" for "God ha' mercy," by way of straining at the gnat; "let the bloat

king tempt you again to bed" swallowed whole from the original without a qualm. If this is to stand for the benefit of the young person, why tinker with the rest?

There is no end to it, except in the limits of human patience. *Othello* is a perfect revel of these floundering inconsistencies, these nervously silly variations on the "I will" and "I won't." "The gross clasps of a lascivious Moor" is changed to "the embrace" by way of making the whole passage quite all right. And then—bang!—we have Brabantio's "I had rather to adopt a child than get it," left word for word as it stands. Yet worse is to follow. Iago's speech on virtue, one of the finest, deepest, and purest things in the play, apart from his ironical purpose in the delivery of it, all whittled down to commonplace without a shadow of excuse. Thus it stands in all its grandeur and its beauty as it comes from the pen of Shakespeare:—

"Virtue? a fig! 'Tis in ourselves that we are thus or thus. Our bodies are our gardens, to the which our wills are gardeners; so that if we will plant nettles, or sow lettuce, set hyssop and weed up thyme, supply it with one gender of herbs, or distract it with many, either to have it sterile with idleness, or manured with industry, why, the power and corrigible authority of this lies in our own wills. If the balance of our lives had not one scale of reason to poise another of sensuality, the blood and baseness of our natures would conduct us to most preposterous conclusions: but we have reason to cool our raging motions, our carnal stings, our unbitted lusts, whereof I take this that you call love to be a sect or scion."

And thus it leaves the wretched censor's hands:—

"Virtue? a fig! 'tis in ourselves that we are thus or thus. We have reason to cool our raging passions; whereof I take this, that you call—love, to be one."

He shows the same ineptitude a little farther on:—

> "She that was ever fair and never proud,
> Had tongue at will and yet was never loud,
> Never lack'd gold and yet went never gay,
> Fled from her wish and yet said, 'Now I may.'"

This ought to be good enough for anyone, yet it is not

good enough for Bowdler. The last two lines are cut, with about as much critical discrimination as we might expect from a baby playing with a pair of shears.

Lust seems always to trouble him—of course, only as a word. He toys with it—changes it to "guilt" in one passage, admits it in another, and, on the same page, lets Othello "damn her for a lewd minx." In short, the whole play in his handling is a medley of admitted "harlots," "strumpets," and the grosser word for which he has already shown a still sneaking kindness elsewhere. The "bawdy wind," however, shocks him again, and we have "very" in place of the offending term. A canting passage in the preface only adds to his offence:—"But if, after all that I have omitted, it shall still be thought that this inimitable tragedy is not sufficiently correct for family reading, I would advise the transferring of it from the parlour to the cabinet, where the perusal will not only delight the poetic taste, but convey useful and important instruction both to the heart and the understanding of the reader."

This, of course, gives the whole enterprise of a complete *Family Shakespeare* hopelessly away. With the example of Lamb's *Tales from Shakespeare*, published in 1807, before him, he might easily have been content with a selection; but then his restless vanity would never have prompted him to the larger venture, and it would have been but another case of "Othello's occupation's gone"!

It would be tedious to dance attendance on him longer: his vagaries are but samples of a vice of treatment that extends to all the other plays. From cover to cover it is *passim* for a hopeless muddle of purpose—identical expressions censored in one page, passed with the honours of the imprimatur in the next.

No doubt he had a purpose of a kind, if he had not taken so much care to forget it. He does not want the children to encounter the facts of life in their literature. But since these facts are to be faced, what alternative has he to offer? None. It is not enough to shield the young from danger: you must teach them how to meet it. The Indian Prince in the story, by way of saving him from a death predicted for his twentieth birthday, was shut up in a tower. But the bite of an adder, nestling in a bundle of firewood which he had drawn up to cook his breakfast,

settled him at the tick of the clock. If he had made a fight for it, the god in charge of his case might have given him another chance.

Bowdler at best offers a shield, but no weapon. The young person might have found his best policy against the tempter in the knowledge that precludes surprise. For want of that knowledge he was left—in the way still in fashion—to the disgusting whispers of the playground and the dormitory, and to the false emphasis on the capital facts of life which they engender. This deplorable system implies a bowdlerisation of well-nigh the whole of the past to the opening of the Victorian Age. For what of the *Arabian Nights*, of Boccaccio, of Rabelais, of Swift, of Sterne, to go no farther in a list that might easily swell to the proportions of a super-catalogue of the wares of Holywell Street? And, let us say it with all becoming reverence, what of the Bible itself?—of "The Song of Solomon," to take but one example, with the sickening disingenuousness of its tabulation of the contents of the chapters into the terms of the struggle for the spiritual life. Where stop till we reach the farthest reaches of classic antiquity in every tongue? When the blue pencil has besmudged all the "bits" of impropriety in Shakespeare, how get over in so many instances the very warp and woof of the precious fabric of his plots? There would be no end to it, either in length or breadth. *The Winter's Tale* is of this class as well as *Othello*, *Measure for Measure*, and the whole anthology of the Falstaffian muse.

They used to manage these things no better in France. They were much more thorough than Bowdler, yet still they failed. To do them justice, the miserable compromises of *The Family Shakespeare* never entered their minds. With them the matter was left to the vigilance of the usher-spy, whose business it is to make night at noonday in the infant mind. In the case of the girls there was the special culture of the *ingénue*, which, being freely translated, means the certificated ninny. This is hardly so much as a survival now. In her great day the *ingénue* was supposed to be, and sometimes was, a know-nothing in the most rigorous sense of the term. Marriage was the dividing line: she could not know too much after, too little before. Her intelligence was the exception that proved

the rule of the non-existence of the vacuum. The downcast eyes, the *Oui, Monsieur; Non, Monsieur*, of her conversational resources were a cherished illusion of the elderly rakes who liked to think that all that was delectable in her innocence was reserved for them. It was bad form to speak to her in anything but platitudes when she was your partner in the dance; and when that rite was over, she had to be led back immediately to her chaperon's side. She read only the publications of the *Bibliothèque Rose*, wherein all life was suffused with a light of pink and perfection that never was on sea or shore. A modern French writer tells us of the raptures of the heroine when introduced by stealth to the garden tempting with forbidden fruit of—Walter Scott! When the time came for giving her in marriage, the matter was first arranged in family councils of the elders on both sides, on the strict understanding that at this stage she was to be kept wholly ignorant of what was afoot. Thence, and on the same condition, it passed to the notaries, who took up the question of ways and means, and especially of the *dot*. This ended, there came informal meetings between the principal go-betweens, as disinterested as the tame elephants who help to entrap the wild. Their mission was to bring the doomed pair together in a discreet way that might enable either to declare a non-suit without the scandal of publicity. If all went well, then, and then only, might the greatly daring male, young or old, make his formal offer of marriage through the intermediary of his next-of-kin in parentage or other family tie. By this time the young person had been sounded in the matter, and with her consent the suitor obtained leave to pay his court. The proprieties, as the custom of the country understood them, were still observed with the utmost rigour; Strephon and Chloe were never, never, never left alone. The shepherd invariably donned his dress suit, no matter what the hour of the day, and brought a bouquet, to which the shepherdess addressed most of her remarks, like a judge of assize sniffing at his bunch of herbs to ward off the dangers of infection from a fever-stricken world. For further precaution a duenna, mother, aunt, or friend of the family, invariably attended the conference from first to last, busy with a scrap of embroidery that served the same purpose of procrastination

as Penelope's web. This was all very well till the system broke down with its own weight of hypocrisy and the polished shafts of mockery of the redoubtable Gyp. It was she who had the courage to tell us that the *ingénue* was not always such a fool as she had been taught to look. When she was, of course she was only half an idiot, so there was little to choose. In many a fine-cut gem of dramatic dialogue we found that our *ingénue* was often sardonically aware, and that she paid for her furtive education in simple and wholesome truth by an air of effrontery altogether foreign to the subject. She still survived on the stage—too often the last refuge of lost causes in truth and nature. Eminent actresses who had learned the trick of the part here and there continued to make a handsome living by it till their retirement in the fulness of years and honours. Here and there the faithful contrived to believe that the mind of the young person was still in leading-strings, even when she was called upon to make her choice of several suitors, all, perhaps, equally odious or ridiculous in her esteem. Bowdler, we may be sure, would have cherished this illusion to the last, as the precious survival of a golden age of nincompoopery. For us, the phantom shape is but one more of the dethroned, harried by a second Lucian to the limbo of forgotten ideals. The *ingénue* has died the death in the very land of her birth, for our forefathers knew little or nothing of her, and she was but a grotesque modern superstition from first to last.

So there is no remedy, it would seem, but that of a wiser education for both sexes at the start. The question must be faced: Should there be any age of innocence—of hotbed culture? We prepare the child mind for most things in life; why hold back in the most important of all? The distressing sense of pruriency in any supreme fact of nature ought never to be imposed on the young. The stimulus of the methods of concealment, too often in vogue to this day, works all the mischief. It gives the sense of shame where no shame ought to be. The ploughboy and the farm wench are to be envied their escape from that by the mere nature of their occupation; and they have not to pay the price in any loss of real decency and self-respect.

They, at least, never shrink with horror or gloat with joy over facts that belong to the very first principles of universal life. Much else may be omitted from a course for young and old with a certain impunity of consequences; this one never: it is the absolute need. Let fathers and mothers do their duty as teachers, abolish the ignorant wonder that leaves the mind ever on the alert for forbidden fruit, and preclude the nudge, the leer, the giggle, still allowed to rank as a psychological course. Forearmed in this way, children will be saved by a healthy disgust when they happen to encounter the rare works of literature which are of foulness all compact.

Bowdler's great point is that on the stage his "Bard" is always bowdlerised. True; but most of us, being well read enough to be aware of what is left out, are content to suffer for the benefit of those who are not. Something, too, must be allowed for the difference between the privacy of the study and the publicity of the theatre: *bienséance* is not hypocrisy; many a word, harmless enough in its proper place, is not one to shout from the housetops. We need no intrusive preface as a perpetual trumpet-call to baffled curiosity, or, to change the figure, as an index finger ever pointing to a forbidden ground of tit-bits.

His last effort was a sheer impertinence—a bowdlerisation of Gibbon, "with the careful omission of all passages of an irreligious or immoral tendency." That is to say, an extension of his fatuous enterprise from modes of expression to modes of thought. He had been nibbling at this, as we have seen, all through the Shakespeare, on a principle of: after settling up with the indecencies, take a turn at the morals. This, logically carried out, would lead to nothing less than a rewriting of all the masterpieces of literature, from the point of view of every coxcomb with a doctrine of his own. Pursued to its inevitable end, it would necessitate the addition of a staff of experts in all the "ologies" to every Select Library in the kingdom. They would begin to censor for opinion as they now censor only for taste, and we should have an *Index Expurgatorius* that would dwarf the achievements of Rome.

"Lilette"

By Marie C. Stopes

Once upon a time there was a land where woodland and farmland interlaced on the billowing hills. There green meadows slipped down the sides of the hillocks and lost themselves in fringes of forget-me-nots, between which ran sparkling brooks. Happy families of white ducks, which kept themselves so clean that they looked like little drifts of snow, spent their days between the meadows and the streams.

In this land there lived a boy who was just coming to the end of being a boy and was turning into a man. He did not notice this himself, because years ago he had thought he was a man already, and his mother did not notice it because she thought he was still a boy. There was, indeed, only one person who noticed it, and that was the girl who looked after the ducks and geese out on the green meadows. Her name was Lilette. She is really the heroine of this story, only from the way the story runs for quite a long time you would not have guessed it if I had not told you.

This boy who was almost a man was called Ivan, and he lived in the farmhouse with his old mother and managed the farm for her—at least, he thought he managed the farm, but what really happened was that he only did the work which was too heavy for his mother, while she did nearly all the work and quite all the managing. Ivan's work often used to take him through the woods as well as into the fields, and for years and years he had noticed that he felt quite differently in the woods from the way he felt at home or in the farmyard among the clacking chickens. He felt as though some wonderful, far-away beauty called him from his home and the simple village life he lived. He dreamed always that there was some great life to be lived in glorious palaces which was richer and more wonderful than anything he could imagine.

So whenever his mother would talk over the village girls and wonder which of them he might marry "when he grew up," he always shook his head and said he would never marry any of them.

At that time he believed that the flesh and bones of rich people who slept under silken coverlets were more wonderful and finer than those of the village folk; and that people in castles and palaces were as much wiser and happier than cotters as their castles and palaces were bigger than cottages. All his unfolding love was for a Dream-Princess, a King's daughter whom he could worship because of her remoteness from him.

Out in the woods Ivan saw Princes and Princesses, fairies, dragons, and knights in armour, and he had many grand adventures; and so vivid were these fancies of his that they all seemed true, and he wrote down what he saw on the back pages of some old school copy-books. And it was a curious fact that whenever he wrote about anything he had seen in the woods, it always came out in poetry.

That is, perhaps, why he never talked about these things, because, of course, no sane person can *talk* poetry, and yet there wasn't really any other way of describing what happened; it had to be described in poetry. Of course, the truth was that Ivan, the farmer, the boy-man, was really a poet. For a long time the only person who suspected this was the little goose-girl, whose blue eyes saw right into the heart of all things. She knew that God loved the woodlands better than the cities, but as she did not know she knew this, she never spoke about it, though it shone right through her life and made her so happy that she had lots of strength and laughter and tenderness to give away.

Now just about the time when this story begins Ivan had got to the end of his old school copy-books, so, in order to write out more accounts of the things he had seen up in the woods, he had to get some more paper.

The first time he bought paper from the village shop nothing happened.

When, quite shortly afterwards, he bought paper again—not wrapping paper, mind you, but writing paper—the old lady who kept the shop nearly waggled her head off with

astonishment; for no one wrote more than two letters a year in the village.

After the third time Ivan bought paper from her she asked her black cat what could be the meaning of it, and her black cat told her that it was because the boy was writing out all sorts of exciting happenings that were going on in the wood unknown to anyone else.

Now the reason this old lady was on such good terms with her cat that he condescended to tell her things was that she was half a witch. As everybody knows, one of the most important things when you are a witch is to keep on really good terms with a black cat. This old lady wasn't at all a bad witch; she only loved knowing things about her neighbours, so that she could talk about them to the other neighbours. So, of course, very soon it began to be whispered in the village that Ivan was a poet.

When it reached the ears of the Parish Council they held a special meeting about it, because every village in this far-away country was most anxious to have its own poet. That will make you realise how very different *this* village was from any village which is now to be found in Europe. One of the reasons that everyone was so delighted to have a poet in the village was that the king of the country was always asking for new poets to come to Court to make poetry for him.

Yet even in this country, where poets were respected and wanted, they were very, very rare—real ones, that is, were rare. Many of those who came to Court with great reputations as poets were not quite the genuine article; they did not know it themselves, and nobody ever found it out, but after a very short time the King began to yawn when they read their poetry. Then, of course, all the poets got together and blamed the King, and said that he did not have a poetical nature, and that no true poet ever yawned when the real thing (that is to say their own poetry) was being read aloud. Neither did they ever yawn when their fellow-poets' verses were being read out; but that was because they never listened, though, of course, none of them ever mentioned this explanation to anybody but their own wives.

So you can understand how delighted the Parish Council of Ivan's village was when it learnt that there was

a poet in their own neighbourhood. They called a special meeting and sent for Ivan, and asked him if it was true that he really wrote poetry.

This was the very first Ivan had heard of the idea that he was a poet, so he was very puzzled, and said he did not know whether it was poetry or not, but that he *did* write down stories of things that happened in the woods, and that these stories always came out in rhyme.

The Parish Council then begged to be allowed to hear one of his stories, and such a beautiful story it was that even the oldest and most inveterate smoker in the Council let his pipe go out while he was listening to it. This is the very best testimonial that any poem can have.

The Parish Council then wrote to the King's Chamberlain and told him that they had a poet in their village, and asked whether the King would like him to come to Court. The King's Chamberlain replied that he really did not think he would, because the King had been so pestered recently with poets who were no good at all that he was just keeping on half a dozen for the present and was not thinking about having any new supplies. The Parish Councillors were downhearted about this at first, because they thought that if they had their own village poet at Court they would get all sorts of privileges for the village; but they comforted themselves with the thought that it would not be very long before the King grew tired of the present half-dozen poets and would want somebody fresh.

While all this was going on Ivan was working in the fields and spending all his spare time in the woods, and he got dreamier and dreamier. He never noticed whether it was raining or not, and he used to get drenched to the skin, and he never came home to put on dry clothes even before staying up all night with the young lambs. He would not listen to his mother, who begged him to let her take more care of him, and so, of course, the result of it all was, as anyone might have foreseen, that he fell very ill of a bad fever. Then his old mother had to sit up all night nursing him, and she had to work all day, too, looking after the farm, and of course this was far more than she could possibly do. Lilette's blue eyes soon saw the need of the old woman, and she came up to the cottage to help her to nurse Ivan. Lilette had to leave her ducks to

themselves; but really they looked after themselves so well that it didn't do them a bit of harm. They kept themselves just as white as ever, and all that happened was that they strayed farther over the grass than she might have allowed, but they all found their way back safely every evening.

So ill was Ivan that he became delirious, and he had no idea who was nursing him. But one night, after he had been delirious for many hours, he came to. Then he noticed that his cheek was resting against something very soft and creamy-white, like a drift of blossom in the orchard. He lay and looked at it without understanding anything for quite a long time. Then he discovered that it was the soft arm of Lilette, who had become weary of watching him and had fallen asleep half kneeling beside his bed. Then he saw the thick plaits of golden hair hanging down each side of her head, and his eyes followed the glinting, golden threads which were too short to get into the plait, and twisted and curled themselves like little waves on the curve of her neck. Something about her made him think he was up in the woods, and poems about princes and knights and dragons came flocking into his head; but soon she woke up to give him his medicine, and he was so shy that he did not let her know that he had been conscious and had watched her.

Very soon after this he got better and was able to sit up in bed, and then he noticed every hour of the day how much his mother had grown to depend on Lilette. Before he had time to think about it properly, however, he was well enough to be out in the woods again, and Lilette stopped coming to the cottage and went back to look after her ducks.

Then a traveller came to the village, and, sitting in the Inn, told those who were there that the King's three daughters were going to be married. And, of course, the news was passed on to everyone else.

Now the King's three daughters were all exactly the same age, for they had all been born on the same day. One had hair as black as a raven's wing, and one had hair as pale gold as a daffodil, and the third had hair like shining copper. These three Princesses were the only children of the King and Queen, who had set their hearts on them

all being married on the same day. Two of the Princesses had fixed on their husbands already, and were quite content to marry the Princes their father and mother had selected for them, but the third Princess, the one with the golden hair, was not to be satisfied with any Prince that could be found. All the poetry which had been dinned into her ears all her life at the Court had somehow gone to her head, and she could not make up her mind to marry anyone so prosaic as a Prince.

So the King and Queen were in despair; because, having settled that their daughters were to be married on the same day, they had ordered the wedding dresses, which were being spun from a special fine silk. And although the dresses would take a whole year to make, a year wasn't very long to find a husband for a Princess who had refused every suitor who had ever presented himself, saying that they were all too prosaic. At last, in despair, the King issued a proclamation, asking the poets all over the country to come to Court and see if any of them could win the Princess by the music and magic of his verses. And if any of the poets could make the Princess love him, the proclamation declared that he would at once be made a Prince, and would receive a third share of the kingdom on the wedding day just as if he had always been a Prince.

When Ivan's Parish Council heard this, all the members were very anxious that Ivan should present himself at Court in the hope of winning the Princess. When it was explained to her, even his old mother thought it was better for him to go to Court to win the Princess than to stay at home looking after the farm for her. Lilette's opinion was not asked, but of course she thought he ought to go; only she was sad because she felt sure that once he was a Prince she would never see him again. But because she thought it would be splendid for him she did all she could to help him to go, and never once thought of herself.

So Ivan set off to the capital. When he reached the Court he found he was just in time for an audience with the Princess. He went in with twelve other poets from twelve different districts, and as he was the last of the twelve, he could hear all that the others said. One by one they were turned away, though some of them were very handsome. But not one of them could entertain the

Princess for more than half an hour without making her yawn.

At last it came to Ivan's turn, and he told her some of the stories that he had written down in poetry in the old copy-books, and the Princess was so delighted that she ran down the steps of her throne, holding out her hands to Ivan, and said that he must stay and be given a longer trial. Day after day passed, and every evening, after dinner, the King and Queen and Princesses listened to Ivan without yawning once. At the end of the seven days the Princess declared that she was head over heels in love with Ivan, and that he must be made a Prince and should be her husband. Which all proves that Ivan was a *real* poet.

Then an awful thing happened. Just as the King was in his study beside his gold-topped desk, writing out the proclamation that should make Ivan a Prince, his three daughters all came into the room together, all talking so loudly that he could not hear a word they were saying. But he saw that they were quarrelling horribly. When he could make himself heard, he begged that they would not all talk at once, and he asked Gold Hair what the trouble was. She began by saying, "Ivan says that when he is my husband——"

"Mine!" "Mine!" shouted both the other sisters. "*We* love him more than Gold Hair does."

"He loves *me!*" "He loves *me!*" shouted both the other sisters.

"If it had not happened that Gold Hair was the only one not betrothed, it is *me* he would have loved," they both declared.

"We will not let her have him. It is not fair that she should have an interesting husband while we have only common Princes!"

Then Gold Hair stamped her foot in a rage, and the very second she stamped *her* foot the other two sisters both stamped theirs, and they all stamped on each other's feet, which made them shout with real pain, and there was such a hubbub as you never heard.

The poor old King was distracted with trouble, because if it had been impossible to find three Princes to suit his daughters, it was clear that it would be more impossible

to find three poets. He pulled out a whole handful of his nice fluffy white hair without giving himself an idea as to what could be done. All that he could think of was to beg his three daughters to say nothing about it for the present, and he would try to get two other poets for them—if it *were* possible to get two other poets like Ivan.

But that evening something happened to clear up one of the poor King's difficulties. Ivan was coming to an end of his poems about the things that had happened in the woods, and he had to make a poem about real things which had happened in his own home by the emerald grass meadows, where white ducks were like little banks of snow. So he told the King and Queen and the Princesses some of the beautiful things that had come into his mind when he found his cheek pillowed on the arm of a girl who was like a drift of fruit-blossom in the orchard. And the three Princesses were jealous, but they pretended to be eager to hear more. They asked him all they could about Lilette; whether she dressed in white silk, and what her eyes were like. And when he told them that she wore a green gown, stained by the sun and the wind, so that the cloth looked like a woodland in springtime, each Princess thought secretly in her heart that she would get a dress like this for herself so that she might win the heart of Ivan.

Next morning each Princess turned over all her dresses and stood for hours gazing in the glass to see whether her arms looked white against the different colours of the silk dresses; and they each got crosser and crosser, for it seemed that nothing they could do would make them as beautiful as the goose-girl about whom Ivan had told them the night before.

While all this was happening Ivan was thinking more and more about his old home, and when the three Princesses came down to dinner that evening in their silk robes with sour faces, he suddenly began to long for Lilette with her bare feet like fruit-blossoms down by the stream with the forget-me-not margins. Then the Princesses got angrier and angrier with each other every minute, because each one felt that she was failing to hold Ivan's attention, and so they quarrelled directly they left the dinner-table, and went up to their private sitting-room, where Ivan was

to come and tell them stories. As Ivan came along the corridor he heard their piercing voices, and felt that it would be horrible to be a Prince and live in this palace and share the kingdom with these three shrill Princesses. He remembered the call of the wood-pigeons in his own woods; and the quiet evenings with his mother; and the nights when he was looking after the young lambs and the stars twinkled gaily; but chiefly he thought of that evening when he woke up from his illness and first noticed Lilette.

Then he longed so for it all that he hated the Court, and, without stopping a moment to change his clothes or even to fetch his bundle, he ran down the stairs and out into the high road right away from the palace. Only when he was half-way home he suddenly remembered that it would be hard for the poor old King not to know whether he was going to have him for a son-in-law or not; so he pulled the last sheet off his latest poem and wrote a short letter to the King, telling him quite politely that he would rather not be a Prince after all. He sent this to the King by a farmer who was taking vegetables to the palace. Then Ivan hurried on all night through the lanes and along high roads until he reached his own village. And it was just about sunrise, and faint, pink shadows cuddled themselves into the arms of the clouds.

Then Ivan saw, down at the edge of the stream, Lilette taking the ducks for their day's hunt in the grass.

Suddenly he stopped running, and stood watching her until he got his breath again. Though he had been running all night really to see her, he could not possibly hurry the last bit of the way to meet her.

When he felt more composed he walked slowly down the green meadow, all shining with dewy daisies, until he came to Lilette, who was pulling forget-me-nots out of the brook. And he knelt down beside her and said to her: "You are more beautiful than all the King's daughters; the green meadows in the sunshine are more beautiful than all the rooms in the King's palace."

And when Ivan and Lilette were married the white ducks sailed up and down the brook all day long with daisy-chains round their necks.

The Eagle

By Maxim Gorki

(*Adapted from the Russian by* BARONESS BILA and W. J. MORRISON)

"IN the olden days there lived in these Crimean mountains and in this very palace, of which you now behold the ruins, the Khan, Mosolaim el Asvab; and he had a son named Tolaik Algalla."

Leaning against a lofty palm-tree the blind Tartar beggar thus began one of the legends of the Peninsula.

Around the story-teller, on the scattered stones of the ruin, sat a group of Tartars in long white robes and caps all embroidered in gold. It was evening, and the sun was slowly descending into the sea. Its purple rays pierced the dark-green mass of trees, and fell in great blood-red patches on the walls covered with moss and overgrown with evergreens. The wandering wind uttered a low murmuring sound as of unseen waves breaking on a distant shore.

The voice of the speaker was weak and trembling. His face was stony and calm. The familiar words followed one another in measured succession, and unrolled before his eager listeners the picture of a past full of strong emotions and fierce passions.

* * * * * *

The Khan was old, but he had many wives in his harem. They loved their old master, because he was full of strength and fire, and his caresses were tender and compelling. Women love men who are strong and tender; aye, even if the hair be grey, and the furrowed face show the touch of Time's fingers. Manly beauty lies in strength, not in a soft skin and rosy cheeks.

And so the Khan was beloved by all. But he loved far above the others one Cossack girl from the Steppes of the Dnieper. He had three hundred wives in his harem. From many and far-away lands they had come, and all were beautiful as the spring flowers. Their life was happy; for, as

far as lay in his power, the lordly Mosolaim gave them every luxury they could desire. In music, and games and dancing they passed the day; and the cares and turmoil of the outer world seldom reached them through these palace walls.

But for Marina, the Cossack girl, there was reserved a private retreat in his lofty tower. Here he had prepared for her a veritable wonderland of delight. Its windows looked away out to the sea; and the sea for the child-mind of Marina was a never-failing source of dreams, dreams which were often full of fascinating melancholy and beckoning fear.

Here in this lotus-bower, full of strange birds and flowers, gold ornaments and precious stones, Mosolaim spent whole days of perfect happiness away from the cares of his high office, for he knew that the glory and fame of his tribe were safe in the keeping of the princely Algalla. Algalla flew like a wolf over the Russian Steppes, and always returned with a rich prey—gold and wives and prisoners, leaving behind him terror and ruin and blood.

. . . . . .

And once there was feasting and revelry throughout the Crimea. Algalla had returned covered with glory from a triumphant raid upon his enemies. This old grey castle re-echoed to the sound of music and laughter. All the chiefs came together to sing the praises of Algalla, the young hero of the mountains. The old Khan was delighted. He thought of his own warrior days, and straightway he was young again. How happy he was to feel that when he gave up the reins of government he would leave his country in such strong hands.

Raising his golden cup filled with pearling wine, he cried:

"My brave Algalla and my loyal subjects all. Praised be Allah and his great Prophet." And together they chanted the fame of the Prophet in a loud voice. Then the Khan said:

"Allah is great! I have lived through many and stormy years. Honours and riches and renown have been my portion and sorrows not a few.

"But my chiefest boast is that I am the father of such a warrior son.

"In Algalla I shall continue to live when the light disappears from my eyes and my heart ceases to beat. Allah is great and Mohammed is his prophet! Algalla of the strong hand, the brave heart and the clear mind, what gift would you have from your father's hand? Speak the word, and I swear by the Prophet to give you what you desire if it lie within the compass of my power."

Before the sound of the old Khan's voice died away, Algalla arose, his eyes shining like the dark sea at night, and burning with a passion long concealed.

"My Prince and father," he cried, "give me Marina, the Cossack girl."

A death-like silence fell upon the assembled guests. The Khan, too, was silent. Then strangling the pain at his heart, he said in a loud and firm voice:

"Take her. We shall finish the feast, and you shall take her."

Algalla's cheeks flushed, and his dark eyes lit up with joy. He bowed low, and said in a low tense voice:

"I know what you give me, my princely father. I know Algalla is your slave. Take my life's blood. I will gladly die at your hands."

"I need nothing," murmured Mosolaim, and his grey head, crowned with the halo of many years and brave deeds, sank on his breast.

The feast was over. The two left the palace in deep silence, and made their way towards the harem.

The night was dark. No moon, no stars were seen behind the clouds which covered the sky as with a thick carpet. For a long time they went through the darkness. At last the Khan spoke:

"Day by day my life is drawing to its close. My old heart is beating more feebly, and less fire is in my breast. The light and warmth of my being were the burning caresses of the Cossack girl. Tell me, Algalla, do you really need her so? Take a hundred—take all my wives, but leave *her* to me."

Algalla sighed, but was silent.

"How many days are left to me? I have few days upon this earth. She is the last joy in life for me, this Russian girl, Marina. She knows me, she understands me, she loves me. And who of them all will love me now when

she leaves me, the old man? Who? Not one of them, Algalla."

Algalla was silent.

"How shall I live, knowing that you embrace her, that she kisses you? . . . . My last days will be sad ones. Better, Algalla, would it be for me if all the old war wounds would open again, and my life's blood would flow away. It is impossible for me to outlive this night."

His son was silent. They stood long at the gates of the harem without speaking a word. The darkness and the silence seemed palpable things. The clouds rushed over the sky, and the wind shaking the trees seemed to sing sad parting songs.

"I have loved her for a long time," whispered Algalla.

"I know, my son, but I also know that she does not love you," answered the Khan.

"My heart aches with longing when I think of her," said Algalla.

"And what do you think my old heart is full of now?"

Again they were silent. Algalla sighed.

"The old wise Mulla was right. A woman always does harm to a man. When she is beautiful, others desire her, and her husband suffers the pangs of jealousy: when she is plain he envies the lot of other husbands more fortunate: when she is neither plain nor beautiful her husband believes her beautiful; but at last, finding out that he has made a mistake, he suffers again from self-reproach."

"Wisdom is no remedy for an aching heart," said the Khan.

"Let us pity each other, father."

The Khan lifted his head and looked sadly at his son.

"Let us kill her," said Algalla.

"You love yourself more than her and me," whispered the Khan.

"You too, father. . . ."

"Yes, I too," said the Khan sadly.

"Well, shall we kill her?"

Again both were silent.

"I cannot give her to you, I cannot," said Mosolaim.

"And I," murmured Algalla, "I cannot endure this any longer. Tear my heart out of my breast or give her to me."

The Khan did not answer.

"Or let us throw her over the cliff into the sea."

"Let us throw her over the cliff into the sea." The Khan echoed his son's words.

They entered the harem where she was already asleep on a beautiful couch inlaid with gold. They stopped before her and gazed, gazed at her for a long time. The great tears fell from the Khan's eyes on to his long silver beard. His son stood with burning eyes and strove to master his fierce passion. They called her softly by her name.

"Marina, awake."

She opened her big, dark-blue eyes, and a faint blush overspread her tender, rosy cheeks. She did not notice Algalla, and she offered her lips to the Khan.

"Kiss me, my eagle."

"Arise and come with us," said the Khan slowly.

And now she saw Algalla, and the tears in her master's eyes, and with the quick intuition of love she understood all.

"I am coming," she said, "I am coming. Not to the one and not to the other . . . . . is that your decision? So strong hearts must decide. I am coming." And all three turned their faces steadfastly towards the sea.

They went by narrow paths. The wind howled dismally. The poor girl soon grew tired, but she was too proud to complain.

Algalla, remarking that she lagged behind, said:

"You are afraid?"

She looked up at him gently, and pointed to her bleeding feet.

"Come, I will carry you," said Algalla, stretching out his arms. But she threw her arms around her old eagle's neck. The Khan lifted her up as if she had been but a babe, and carried her close to his breast; and she bent the branches out of his way, fearing they might hurt his eyes. A long time they journeyed thus; and now they heard the roaring of the sea.

Algalla, who marched behind, spake at length.

"Let me walk in front, my father, for I feel an irresistible desire to thrust my dagger into your neck."

"Pass. Allah will either punish or forgive you for the thought. His will be done. I, Mosolaim, forgive you. I know what it is to love."

And now the sea lay before them, there below, dark,

unbounded, beckoning. At the foot of the rocks its waves dashed and writhed as if in anguish. It was so dark and cold there below, so terrible!

"Farewell," said the Khan, kissing his beautiful burden.

"Farewell," said Algalla, bowing low to her.

She stepped to the brink of the precipice, looked down at the roaring sea, but staggered back, pressing both her hands to her breast.

"Fling me over," she said to them.

Algalla made a movement towards her and sighed deeply; but the Khan lifted her in his arms, pressed her again and again to his heart, and raising her high over his head, flung her down.

The waves roared so loudly that neither of them heard her strike the water. No scream: not a sound did she utter. The Khan seated himself on a slab of stone, and silently looked down and out into the far darkness where the sea joined the clouds and whence the billows came rolling angrily in. The minutes passed; the wind drew the clouds along the sky: heavy and black they were, like the thoughts of the old Khan sitting high up on the edge of the cliff. Algalla stood beside him, covering his face with his hands, silent and motionless.

"Come, father," said Algalla at length.

"Wait," murmured the Khan, listening to something. Again the moments passed. Algalla heard nothing but the howling of the winds and the roar of the waves.

"Come, father."

"Wait."

Again and yet again Algalla repeated:

"Come, father."

But the Khan remained rooted to the spot where he had lost his last joy in life.

At last he rose, and with something of his old pride and majesty repeated in a hoarse voice, "Come."

They began to retrace their steps, but the Khan soon stopped.

"Where am I going, and why?" he asked his son. "The life has gone out of my body now that she is dead. I am old, nobody will love me any more, and without love life is useless."

"You have fame and riches, father."

"One of Marina's kisses would outweigh them all. Riches and fame are dead things; only the love of a woman is living. A rich man without love is a beggar. A famous man unloved is a thing of naught. Farewell, my son. May the blessing of Allah remain with you day and night."

The Khan turned his face towards the sea.

"Father!" cried Algalla. "Father!"

He could say nothing more. What more was there to be said? Once Death smiles upon a man he can no longer see the joy and laughter on Life's countenance.

"Let me go."

"Allah . . . . ."

"He knows all."

With quick, unfaltering steps, the Khan went to the dizzy edge of the precipice, and without one pause, one word, or one backward look, jumped down. Not a cry, not a sound did he utter. For a long time Algalla looked silently down and out into the far darkness where the sea joined the clouds and whence the billows came rolling angrily in. The minutes passed; the wind drew the clouds along the sky: heavy and black they were, like the thoughts of Algalla.

And as he turned and went into the darkness of the night, again and again he repeated the prayer "Give me, O! Allah, just such a strong eagle heart."

. . . . . .

So the Khan Mosolaim el Asvab perished, and the Khan Tolaik Algalla began to reign in the Crimea.

Musical Notes

By Edwin Evans

THE present wave of interest in our own and our Allies' music is producing some amusing results in the eagerness of professional musicians to profit by it. There are hosts of enthusiasts for Russian music who were singularly apathetic before the war, but the brilliant seasons at Drury Lane which immediately preceded the outbreak may have set the fashion. Some recent patronage of modern French music is less easy to explain, and I must be pardoned a little irony if I venture to remind some of the war-converts of their attitude towards the propaganda campaign, in which, as a lecturer, I took an active part. There still lingers in my memory the question of an eminent musician who, at discussion time, desired to know whether I seriously considered the examples just played as illustrations to be music in the true sense of the word. The war has led to some remarkable mental, as well as physical, surgery.

That is, however, quite an inoffensive form of opportunism, which, as often as not, may be really sincere in effect. There is another kind which has become rampant of late, and which consists in flaunting a more or less disputable claim to a nationality that happens to be in the ascendant. We are all familiar with the classic example of Mr. Hoggenheimer, of Park Lane, opening his speech with "Ve English." That is the sort of thing that occurs almost daily in the musical world, and again the chief offenders are Jews. I make no general attack on their community. Their contribution to the creative side of music is not commensurate with their pretensions, but their interpretative genius is beyond question, and, as patrons of music, they have placed the art under such obligations that one is almost tempted—were it possible—to forgive the German orientation they have so long given to the music of this country. Without the Jewish composer music would

be pretty much as it is to-day. Without the Jewish performer and the Jewish amateur it would be immeasurably the poorer.

It is when I see the posters of the "great Russian" this, that, or the other, a Russian Jew who hated Russia, possibly with good reason, up to the war, and never till then performed a note of true Russian music, that my temper changes. These appearances, with or without national costume, whether arriving direct from the Pale or by way of the United States, are a degradation to music and an abuse of the welcome which a musical audience is always ready to extend to a brilliant executant. Of course, when our own nationality is affected we feel the matter more keenly. Recently a teacher who had referred to himself as *the* British singing-master suddenly changed the announcement to "Anglo-Russian." I fervently hope that this was in response to a forcible expression of opinion. From a paragraph in the Press I gather that the Society of English Singers, which has been quietly busy for four years doing useful work, is now confronted with a Society of British Singers, whose secretary, a very capable artist, does not bear an English name. After the humiliating position which the singing of pure English has occupied for so long in our concert-rooms, it is at last to be taken up by "great British" teachers and vocalists. Well, perhaps we deserve it.

At the Aldwych production succeeds production with gratifying success. By the time these notes are in print Mozart's *Seraglio* will have been added to the repertory, which is now an extensive one comprising twenty-five operas. It is worthy of note that Sir Thomas Beecham's support is predominantly of the popular kind. It is rare to find the cheaper parts of the theatre other than well filled, but the stalls do not as yet, except on special occasions, present the appearance that they should at the one theatre where opera is being kept alive. There is no "world of fashion" in war-time, but if those who normally constitute it and are now giving proof of their public spirit in other directions were to look a little way ahead, they would see that this operatic campaign is as much a public service as many of those which are discussed at economic congresses and the like.

Another movement for the protection of English music is in progress. Hitherto the theatrical conductor has been ground between the upper millstone of the Associated Theatrical Managers and the nether millstone of the Orchestral Association. He is now to have his own organisation, which will be English in character, and will work primarily for the exclusion of the foreign intruder in a field in which our native musicians have proved their competence to do all that is required of them. Although by far the greatest number of conductors in this country are attached to places of entertainment, the Association includes, as it should, most of the acknowledged leaders of the profession, and its executive committee is a strong one, as it will need to be for the work that awaits it. To mention only one problem of the future, it will be its duty to co-operate with the Orchestral Association in ensuring the return to their posts of the musicians who have now joined the colours, and have been in many cases replaced with neutrals and allies. It would be a scandal if they returned to find the foreign bandsman more firmly established than ever.

In spite of the absence of so many players, the feeling is abroad that it will be a busy autumn for the musical world. Official details are lacking, but the various undertakings in which Sir Thomas Beecham is interested are to become increasingly active, and in other directions, too, one hears constantly of plans that would have been derided a month or two back. The greater buoyancy of the national feeling is probably the cause of this activity, which has been observed in other spheres besides that of music. Perhaps it has been realised at last that the amenities of mental life are by no means as irrelevant to a national crisis as had been imagined, and that the conduct of war is not necessarily improved by stopping the intellectual clock. Many of us are inclined to doubt whether the economy of closing the museums is among those to which our governors will point with pride at the general stocktaking. There are places that might have been closed with more advantage.

Poor Death

By Filson Young

I

DEATH is inevitable, but life is not; and it would surprise many of us to know how much of our time and effort here is spent in the avoiding of life. We dodge it when it comes to meet us, turn our backs and run from it in a panic; and then, successfully established in some backwater, see it go roaring and glittering by in all the bravery of its pageantry and all the glory of its song. From these we take cover fearfully and gratefully, like birds that have escaped from the fowler's snare.

There is hardly one of us who is not guilty at some time of the fear and avoidance of life. We shrink from joys almost more than from sorrows, and pursue a kind of peddling happiness, content with the meanest shifts and substitutes if only life will leave us alone. Life, too much life, is uncomfortable, disturbing; it is always waking us up and dragging us forth, blinking, into the sunny torrent where, although great things are happening, we are apt to be bruised and buffeted and have the breath knocked out of us. Adventure is the prelude to civilisation, not its fulfilment or harvest; and so in an ageing world where civilisation works smoothly we turn our backs on adventure, look for ease, dream of peace. As in some close chamber by the sea where there is no clear sound but the ticking of the clock and the chiming of the hours, where the roar of the surf without is reduced to a velvety murmur; so we sit sheltered while the creeping hours and the trampling days and the galloping years pass over us, and the voice of life is hushed to a whisper.

War, such war as is now loose upon the world, is an outrage upon all that. The sealed walls of the chamber gape, and let in the roar of life. But we do not think it

is life; we call it death. Rivers of blood are set flowing, and we say that Death is holding high carnival. We think of fields strewn with dead bodies, trenches heaped with them, of areas where life cannot stir a finger or raise its head; we see in imagination ships, whole floating communities of a thousand men with their dwelling-places and workshops and arsenals, their clothes and books and possessions, their fireplaces and larders, all blown sky-high in an instant and disappearing in billowing clouds of greasy brown smoke beneath the waters that a moment ago were their home and their world. We read again those fearful tales of the shattering of homes, the violent destruction and dismemberment of families, the deliberate outraging of beautiful and affectionate things; and when we have read them a few times, these fiendish horrors, things we would never have dreamed of associating with human beings before, become almost familiar to us so that we cease to think about them, and cease to be shocked and horrified at them. They become simply recorded facts, divorced from the violent emotion with which we first heard of them. They merely take their place in what seems an indescribable circus of destruction; our world seems turned upside down, and the kingdom of death established.

It is strange and interesting that it should be so, because this carnival of death which seems so triumphant, so extensive and magnificent, is reduced to rather sorry proportions if we really examine it closely and measure it exactly.

II

The first violent change produced in a civilised man when he goes to the front to fight is in his personal attitude towards death. Consider: all his existence hitherto had been based on the assumption that to be killed would be the greatest calamity that could happen to him. Nearly all his instincts, two-thirds of his education, were directed to the preservation of his individual life. In the crossing of a crowded street a thousand nervous impulses, flashes of thought, muscular actions and reflexes, infinitely marvellous every one of them, were employed in no other

business than convoying him across in safety. In what we eat and drink, in what we do and learn, the desire to preserve ourselves and the ability to do so are increasingly manifest, until accident, disease, or old age deliver us into the hands of death.

But in these new circumstances a man is thrown out into a world where his own individual life is of little or no importance; where the thing sought is not an individual but a collective benefit; where it may even be necessary, if the end is to be achieved, for his life to be deliberately given. And he very rapidly becomes so accustomed to this idea, seeing it practised by thousands of others round him, that the violent change in point of view towards death is accomplished almost without his knowing it.

The delicate organisation of human life is so adjusted that the same sensation cannot be experienced repeatedly in the same degree of acuteness. It is as though sensation, the power of acutely feeling, were so closely bound up with the life principle that it has to be limited in any one individual, and therefore by the provisions of nature to be protected and husbanded. The sensitive man can feel anything and everything, but if he is to be subjected to the same shock repeatedly, he will cease to feel it. And so it is with Death. The sight of a stranger being killed in the street or mangled by a railway train is enough to affect the nerves and haunt the memories of most people for many days; but when you have seen your comrades mangled and wounded by dozens and hundreds, and your fellow-men tortured and slaughtered in heaps, your outraged nature refuses to register any more sensations of that kind. The very scale and apparent quantity in which death is working defeats its own purpose. Even the people at home whose acquaintance with this wholesale carnage is confined to reading about it, seeing lists and numbers, and occasionally to being aware of a gap in their own circle which will not be filled again, become callous too. Before the war somebody killed by an omnibus in the street was matter for a description in the newspapers; now such a thing would interest nobody, and is not even recorded. Even when it comes quite near us, the loss by accident of our own people or friends is not dwelt upon or thought

about as once it was. Death has cheapened himself with us; he has become familiar; and we are beginning to hold him in contempt.

III

No man or woman can be said to have true freedom of mind until the fear of death has been banished; and to banish the fear of death it is necessary to face it—not only in one's physical person, but with one's mind. Most of us who have been in circumstances where death is a constant and instant menace—in war, at sea, mountain climbing, or in any high physical adventure—know that we date a certain change in our lives from the time when, being terrified at the instant presence of death, we faced it, and the fear departed from us, never to return. Other fears may return; the much more mischievous fear of life, to which I began by referring, may flourish in us; but we shall certainly not be afraid of death for ourselves. People who do not know this wonder, when they read of the brave things that men are doing every hour by sea and by land, how they can possibly do them. Well, that is how. It is because the one great bogey and terror of life has been completely exorcised from their minds, and the rest is all adventure, a trial of skill, perhaps an heroic and deliberate sacrifice. Moreover (and I would advise any anxious friend at home to bear this in mind for comfort), the sense that you are doing things and running risks and facing death in a great company is a very inspiring and uplifting consideration. It is another influence of the soothing loss of individuality. You are all in the same boat, you are all running the same risks; and if you fall, you fall in a company with whom it is well to be numbered at this time. It is not that they don't think about death, or put it out of their heads; they do think about it, and they have thought all the terror and sting out of it. They have faced it and have done with it; and they recognise it for the unfearful thing that it really is. Pain and agony, loss, bereavement, remorse, loneliness, may be dreadful things; they may all or any of them be associated with death and inflicted by it on the living; but death itself is nothing, and you, when it comes to you, are the one being who will certainly know nothing about it, any more than you know of the moment that you fall asleep.

IV

And strange as the thought may be, even the sum of death is not increased by one single unit for all the slaughter and butchery that is going on. It is appointed unto man once to die—and once only. No amount of war can alter the fact that no man can die more than once; that for every birth there is one death, no more and no less. It may come sooner or later; and by coming simultaneously to an enormous number of men in the prime of their physical life, death reaps an apparent benefit. But it is not a certain one. Life is an ascension to a summit—the highest we manage to achieve—and a descent from it. The ascent may be short and steep, the descent long and dreary. The cruelty of the present circumstances is that death seems to come so very inopportunely, at the moment when life is at the height of fulfilment. That may be loss to us; but it is no loss to those who die. We must remember that about those who are giving their lives for us in the war—certainly the young ones—that they are tasting life in an intensity that they have never dreamed of, and in a measure of which the dimension of time has no equivalent.

The monitory voice of the priest may tell us that in the midst of life we are in death; but the youth who is to-day in the tide of battle and has surrendered himself to it knows also that in the midst of death we may be in life; and that to a degree hitherto undreamed of. He is in a new world, living as he never lived before. It may all go dark suddenly; it is full of petty privations; he may have to pay for it in a lifetime of maimed years; but it has its amazing rewards and compensations. *De torrente in via bibet*; he will find refreshment from waters by the wayside; strange ravens will feed him; and with poor Death stricken down and vanquished within him, he will lift up his head.

Important Notice

We are publishing a new story by Joseph Conrad, beginning with the September issue.

We again remind our readers to place their orders for the Review early, owing to the Governmental restriction of paper.

THE WAR OF LIBERATION

The Pan-German Scheme

By Custos

M. André Chéradame, well known to European readers as the author of several standard works on political and economic subjects, works, it may be added, that have given the Germans themselves cause to think, commenced this year a series of articles in *La Victoire*, a newspaper whose editor, the erst anti-militarist Gustave Hervé, burnt his ships early in the war, and is now a fervid champion of the *résistance à outrance*. Like misery, war makes strange bed-fellows. The present article proposes to give a précis of the ideas he has formulated with such vigour and close and conclusive reasoning.

He states, at the outset, that an exact knowledge of the Pan-Germanic military and political scheme casts a lurid light over all the essential problems of the war. It reveals the profound cause of the struggle still proceeding; it explains the immediate causes which are still hardly grasped; it lays bare the mistakes committed by the Allies, and shows them the means of avoiding fresh ones, in order to gain not a *paix fourrée*, a patched up, but an integral peace. To sum up, a knowledge of the German scheme gives us an insight into the positive conditions of peace which it will be the duty of the Allies to impose upon Germany, in order to overcome completely Prussian militarism, and thus secure to Europe the end of great armaments, and a truly enduring peace.

It becomes necessary, with this object in view, to take cognisance of the Pan-Germanic Doctrine, the foundation of the Pan-Germanic political and military scheme. The expression "Pan-Germanism" must not be taken to mean simply the theory by virtue of which the Germans aspire to absorb only the districts bordering on the German

Empire, and whose population is, to a great extent, German. This, after all, would be in conformity with the principle of nationalities. Now, Pan-Germanism is not content with this perfectly legitimate aspiration. Nay more, Pan-Germanism is the direct offspring of the doctrine engendered in the Prussian brain, a doctrine aiming, outside of any question of language or race, at the absorption of all countries, the possession of which is considered useful to the power of the Hohenzollern. It is in the name of Pan-Germanism that Prussia compelled the Frankfort Parliament, of 1848, to recognise as German territories her Eastern provinces, which are really Slav, since they contain at the present time four million Poles. It was in the name of Pan-Germanism that in 1864 Prussia fastened her talons on the purely Danish part of Schleswig. In the name of Pan-Germanism once more, it is that Austria-Hungary, where Germans constitute a very small minority indeed—at the present time the Dual Monarchy possesses 12 million Germans, as against 38 million non-Germans. [It must be pointed out that these figures are supplied by German statistics which systematically exaggerate the number of Germans in the Empire of the Habsburgs], is coveted by Germany. As far back as 1859, the *Gazette d'Augsbourg* cynically declared that, were it not for the fact that Austria was a member of the Germanic Confederation, it would be the duty of the German nation to absorb at all costs the non-German countries, as they were indispensable to Germany's expansion, and her position as a Great Power. Earlier still, in 1844, the future Marshal von Moltke, had written: "We hope that Austria will maintain the rights and protect the future of the Danubian countries, and that *Germany will finally succeed in freeing the mouths of her great rivers.*" Military advantages and predominance were ever in the Prussian mind. Pan-Germanism is clearly revealed as the Prussian doctrine that every country that is necessary to the upholding of the supremacy of the Hohenzollerns becomes, *ipso facto*, its legitimate prey. Pan-Germanism represents a doctrine of international burglary.

Fate has willed it that William II. should be the creator of, and the one to put into action the Pan-Germanic military and political scheme. Outside of Germany, he

has for many years been considered a prince fostering sentiments of peace.

He first revealed his true inwardness on the 28th of August, 1888, in the words he addressed to the Burgomaster of Mayence, when he declared that in order to preserve intact the inheritance bequeathed to him by his "immortal grandfather," he required the "unity and co-operation of all the German *tribes*." Several other speeches in the same vein followed at quick intervals, all based on the realisation of the dominating formula of a Pan-Germanic domination: *from Hamburg to the Persian Gulf*. With that object in view he sought to draw Austria-Hungary closer to Germany, marry his sister to the future King Constantine, and cultivate friendly relations with the sovereigns of Bulgaria and Rumania, both of German origin, while not forgetting to make, at this early date, overtures to the Moslems, whom he looked forward to as valuable Allies against France and England. It was at Damascus that on the 8th of November, 1898, he uttered the memorable words, so pregnant with a significance illustrated by to-day's events. "May his Majesty the Sultan, as well as the 300 million Mahomedans who revere in him their Caliph, rest assured that the German Emperor is their friend for all time." As a result of this flattering speech, William II. obtained, a year later, the first concession of the Baghdad Railway. It was William II. who fostered the creation of the German Army and Navy Leagues, and also that of the *Alldeutscher Verband*, or Pan-Germanic Union. As to the fatal hour of war, it was William II. who fixed it. The situation in the Balkans after the Treaty of Bucarest (10th August, 1913), and the state of affairs existing in Austria-Hungary, decided him to precipitate the conflict. In April, 1914, the Kaiser visits the late Archduke Franz Ferdinand, at his château of Miramar, near Trieste. He sees him again in June at Konopischt; Tirpitz, Grand Pirate, accompanies his Imperial master. There and then do the conspirators lay the foundations of the combined action of the two monarchies. A few days later follows the assassination of Franz Ferdinand. This brings no change in the plans of the Kaiser; quite the contrary. The murder affords an excellent excuse for an intervention against Serbia, and

so William II. precipitates events. War is declared on August 1st, just a few days after the completion of the Kiel Canal. And, be it noted, war was declared with the approval and support of the German nation. Did not Maximilian Harden so record it in the *Zukunft*, in November, 1914? And yet William II. has had the shamefaced audacity to declare in his Manifesto to the German people, dated 1st August, 1915: "Before God and before History, I swear that my conscience is clear; I did not seek war."

The fundamental bases of the Pan-Germanic plan were laid down in 1895; but, after "Agadir," which resulted in France's cession to Germany of a large slice of the French Congo, Germany thought that the future Allies would consent to any sacrifice, rather than let loose the dogs of war. Thereupon, in 1911, the German plan was remodelled. It had as its object the establishment of a vast *Confederation of Central Europe*, embracing Austria-Hungary, the Netherlands, Belgium, Luxemburg, Switzerland, the Northern departments of France, north-east of a line drawn south of Belfort, in addition to which Germany proposed exercising a protectorate over the rest of France, while the French coast on the Channel was to be hers, and Brest was to become a German Transatlantic port! Russian Poland, the Russian Baltic provinces, and the Balkan States were to become mere satellites of Berlin. Turkey, Egypt, Persia, were to form part of the German "bag." As a matter of course, the cream of the French Colonies was to pass under the German flag. This stupendous Confederation was to constitute an equally stupendous Zollverein. To sum up: the Pan-Germanic scheme of 1911 is embodied in four formulas: Berlin-Calais, Berlin-Riga, Hamburg-Salonika, Hamburg-Persian Gulf. William II. was well aware that so extended a programme could not be carried out so long as *all* the Great Powers were not wiped out, and so he resolved upon the annihilation of *five* Great Powers. Austria-Hungary was to be absorbed under the thinly-veiled disguise of her entry into the German Zollverein. France and Russia were to be annihilated by the force of arms. England was to be disposed of, when France and Russia had been beaten to their knees. As to Italy, she was simply looked

upon in the light of a negligible quantity. Be it remarked that the Pan-Germanic plan of 1911 did not include a war with England. When, in 1914, William II. let the dogs of war slip, he was absolutely convinced that England would not take part in the struggle—at least, not at the outset. Had England hesitated another few days, German soldiers would have landed in the Côtentin (the Norman peninsula), in Brittany, and even near Bordeaux. France would thus have been rendered powerless through an invasion on every side, English interference would have proved of no avail, and the success of the Pan-Germanic plan would have been assured. But Great Britain, by entering the lists almost at once, saved herself, and at the same time furnished civilised humanity with the means of escaping the Prussian yoke. Great Britain had, in conjunction with Belgium, upset Germany's initial calculations. But the Germans are clever, tenacious, and shrewd; they quickly adapted themselves to the new situation which had arisen so unexpectedly, and even at the present moment they have not given up the idea of deriving enormous advantages from the war.

The Pan-Germanic plan, which seems to have escaped the notice of diplomats on the Continent, does not appear to have been credited until quite recently, *i.e.*, towards the end of 1915, as proven by the statement made by Sir Edward Carson when resigning. "During the time I was a member of the Cabinet, the Cabinet did not have any plan." Now, argues M. Chéradame, had the Pan-Germanic plan been known in London even at that date, the British, and consequently the Allies, would certainly have adopted long since a concerted plan to encompass its destruction. Diplomacy having shown itself blind in regard to the Pan-Germanic plan, it is plain that the Army Staffs and public opinion of the allied countries were equally in ignorance of it. As a result, a lack of co-ordination in the efforts of the Allies, and an insufficiently precise and full insight into the objects of the war. The Russians hurled themselves against the Germans to prevent the stamping out of Serbia, and in order to put an end to the thinly-veiled and repeated ultimatums sent by Berlin to Petrograd. The Italians were under the impression that their part in the war would be confined to

the shores of the Adriatic, and that their country could limit its efforts to a struggle with the Habsburgs. The British entered the arena for two fundamental reasons: the violation of Belgium's neutrality, and the feeling that they could not look on passively while France was threatened with destruction, without themselves committing suicide. Although completely unprepared for a Continental war, the British realised full well, and at the very outset, that the war might in all probability be of long duration, but they had no idea that British interests would be so thoroughly threatened as they are at the present time in Central Europe, Turkey, Egypt, and India. "With regard to us French," says M. Chéradame, "the Germanic aggression at once brought to the fore in our minds and hearts the question of Alsace-Lorraine. It hypnotised us to such a degree, that to its detriment, be it said, we too, for a long time, could only see a Franco-German War, when we should have considered the European conflagration in all its magnitude."

This fragmentary conception of realities, which has worked great harm with the Allies, derives its source from the fact that they did not discern in proper time the two great and special characteristics given to the war by the Pan-Germanic plan. The very vastness of the Pan-Germanic plan of 1911 proves that Berlin intends to solve at one fell blow all the great political questions existing in the old world, and *that* for her sole profit. Now, the Germans have made a thorough study of all the problems connected with their plan, and believe they have found a solution to each one. As a result, all these political problems the solutions of which present themselves at one and the same time, must at once absorb the attention of the Allies, who should prepare to impose on Germany solutions entirely at variance with those prepared by Berlin. The Eastern Question is to-day no longer the old classic Eastern Question, but it is a question of a Prussianised Eastern Question; the Austrian Question is no longer the question of the Austria of bygone days, when it merely meant the old-time struggle of the Habsburgs with the several nationalities under their rule. What the Allies have to consider nowadays is the Berlin attempt to Prussianise Austria-Hungary. In a word, William II.,

after having, by means of the Pan-Germanic propaganda, developed in the minds of his people an appetite for conquest and plunder, declared war, obsessed with the idea that it would have as a result the foundation of the hegemony of 77 million Germans over 127 million non-Germans in Europe, and in Turkey. The Prussophil *camarilla* of Vienna, powerful, but small in numbers, a group of Magyar aristocrats led by the noxious Count Tisza and a dozen pseudo-Young Turks bought with Berlin gold, have been the Kaiser's accomplices. It is but a handful of men which has dragged into the war the 50 million Austro-Hungarians, and the 20 million Ottomans, the great majority of whom did not thirst for this bloody conflict, which the Germans are waging under conditions which assimilate them with "burglar-murderers," in other terms, with the criminal classes. They have placed themselves beyond the pale of humanity, while those who, outside of Germany, help them to enslave Europe, are purely and simply accomplices, and should be treated as such. These two dominant traits given by the Pan-Germanic plan to the war: the formidable geographical amplitude of Berlin's pretensions, and the clearly criminal character of the war as carried on by the Germans, have only recently reacted on the combined plan of action, and the actions of the Allies with regard to the neutrals playing Germany's game. Therefore, if they seek to win a complete victory, it is indispensable that the Allies should promptly make further progress on the road they have recently chosen. Too long have the Allies suffered heavily, owing to their long drawn out ignorance of the cynicism of the Pan-Germanic plan.

Without the German Empire, but within the limits of the programme of 1911, are already to be discerned, born of the excess of Prussian ambitions, elements which will contribute to the annihilation of the Pan-Germanic plan now temporarily realised. Not only do the Serbs and the 28 million Slavs and Latins of Austria-Hungary look for their deliverance at the hands of the Allies, but even prominent Magyars are beginning to see through the game played by William II. to the detriment of their country. The fact that Hungarian men are dying for the greater interest of the Hohenzollerns stings them to fury—a fury

increased on discerning that the hour is fast approaching when the Kaiser will, in order to win over Rumania to his side at all costs, offer her Transylvania at the expense of the Hungarians, a solution plainly set forth in the plan of 1895. Budapest will then ring with angry protests. It will, of course, be impossible for the Magyars to free themselves from the German grip, but their co-operation in favour of the Boches will lose much of its ardour, and consequently its efficacy. Ferdinand of Bulgaria has given himself over completely to the Kaiser's machinations. He has induced his people to fall in by dangling before them the bait of a Serbian Macedonia, but many of his subjects are beginning to chafe as they feel that they are nothing more than Prussian puppets, and as they grasp that their lives are to be sacrificed with the view of substituting a Prussian for an Austro-Hungarian domination. Should the Germans compel them to march on Salonika, and should, as we fully expect, the attack on that town become disastrous, they will be exasperated at their useless losses. So it will come about that, in spite of their Prussophil monarch, Bulgaro-Boche relations will become strained to the breaking-point.

Nor do things run smoothly with the Germans as regards Turkey, where at present two tendencies are face to face. Enver Pasha has sold himself body and soul to the Kaiser, it is true, and as a result the Turks find themselves, militarily and civilly, ruled by the Germans—a situation galling to them, so that a strong feeling of revolt at this is spreading among the great masses of Turks, who did not want war. This feeling is being exploited by Talaat Bey, who, deriving his following from this national sentiment, dreams of a Greater Turkey after the war as a reward for the assistance given to Germany by his country. Lastly, there are in the Balkans two nations which are a source of worry to Berlin. If, on the one hand, the quite unconstitutional Government of King Constantine continues to be most unsatisfactory to Berlin, the Greek nation is beginning to see how matters stand and to grasp the potentialities of the situation, in view of the presence of the Allies' troops at Salonika. It understands now that its ruler has seriously jeopardised the interests of Hellenism. Venizelos looms up once more as the man who sees things

as they are. The manifest pretensions of the Sofia Government to basing its hegemony on the Balkan Peninsula right to the shores of the Adriatic has once more roused the intense hatred which the Hellenes feel towards the Bulgars, their "hereditary foes," as General Moschopoulos has stated in an order of the day pregnant with meaning. The situation in Rumania is analogous. The people are angered at the idea that a considerable number of their "Rumanian brothers of Transylvania" have been compelled to die in the uniform of soldiers of Francis Joseph for the greater advantage of Pan-Germania; Rumania is severed from her southern communications with the West, and finds herself hemmed in on three sides by the Austro-Bulgaro-Boches. Rumanians of discernment cannot fail to see the fate reserved for their country should Germany emerge victorious from the struggle. Even should Berlin obtain from Hungary the cession by her of Transylvania to Rumania, the latter would become nothing but a mere satellite of Berlin, and would forfeit her political independence. Bucarest now fully understands the, to her, valuable aims of the Allies in establishing themselves at Salonika, and realises that they are determined to win at all costs. She understands also the value of the new Russian armies recently constituted; and should these armies make headway, Rumania, like Greece, will flock to the Allies' side, and they will welcome the Allies as their liberators.

Other factors to be taken into consideration are the difficulties which beset the Germans at home. Too much has been made of the fluctuating state of health of the Kaiser. It would reveal a poor understanding of things as they really are to imagine that the death of the Kaiser would cause the Germans to conclude peace on bases acceptable to the Allies. William II. is incontestably the creator of the Pan-Germanic plan, but for twenty years past he has had the support of the leading and most influential elements of Germany. These elements constitute inveterate Pan-Germans, who will surrender to force only. Moreover, after the Kaiser there is the Kronprinz. It is true that the latter has lost much of his popularity since the outbreak of the war, but, beyond the Rhine, the governmental framework is still all-powerful, and discipline is so strict that we must fain admit that the Kronprinz would be obeyed.

Like his father, he is a rabid Pan-German. The increase in price of the necessaries of life, and the growing scarcity of certain products, are of greater importance to the Allies than a change of form in the German Government. This lack of necessaries has engendered risings which have proved a thorn in the side of the Berlin Government, but the Allies must not reckon on their bringing about a German revolution. In the first place, risings are, and will be, relentlessly repressed, and it is probable that the Government will find a remedy for the lack of foodstuffs by drawing them from Turkey, or by means of *razzias* in the invaded countries, as done already in Serbia, whose foodstuffs have been ruthlessly seized. *But if the Allies can at one and the same time render their blockade efficient—a blockade which has up to now been so insufficient—and carve through Salonika a road to Constantinople, lack of foodstuffs in Germany will increase with amazing rapidity.* The financial difficulties with which Germany is beset also play an important part. The German nation knows now that it can no longer reckon on the fabulous indemnity so long dangled before its eyes; it is aware that, in order to cover its war expenses, it will be mercilessly taxed, and this has caused a profound feeling of depression among the masses. This depression will increase considerably when the development of the military operations of the Allies brings the German people face to face with the cruel fact that the Allies' expenditure will have to be reimbursed by them. Pending that time the falling in value of the mark has for result the diminution of German exports and of the purchases which the Government is compelled to make abroad. But this falling in the value of the mark outside the Empire, although it presses heavily on the German State, does not prevent the latter from continuing the war, and does not affect the value of the mark *within* its boundaries. Now, the expenses of the State increase daily. Germany's Turkish and Bulgarian allies cost a good deal, and, what is more, they cannot be met with paper money. This has been admitted by Herr Helfferich, the Minister of the Treasury, who has said: "It is not easy to hold out financially, and it will become more and more difficult as the war progresses." But do not let us be misled, for Germany's financial exhaustion is still many

months ahead. But should, in 1916, the Allies inflict a crushing blow on the German hosts, the result would be deeply felt in both civilian and military brains. *Then* would come about a *débâcle* which would wreck German faith in their paper money. The result would be the sudden annihilation, not of the material riches of Germany, riches representing pledges for the Allies—pledges which happily cannot be destroyed—but of the credit of the German Empire, whose ruin, *quâ* State, would be sudden and complete. But to attain this result it is necessary that the action of the Allies should be vigorous and harmonious.

At the present time Germany has achieved her scheme to the extent that she has laid hands on about nine-tenths of the countries over which the plan of 1911 was to give her control. She still considers that she has practically attained her object, and that she is now entitled to impose peace on her own terms. She wishes peace because, as frankly stated in the *Frankfurter Zeitung* in December, 1915, "The objects of the war have been attained." The Pan-Germanic plan of 1911 being practically attained to the extent of nine-tenths of it, in spite of England's intervention—an intervention which nevertheless upset the calculations of the German General Staff—it is plain that the German success is a considerable one. Germany could, therefore, not desire anything better than to be able to put an end to the war now that she exercises control over nearly the whole of the countries she has coveted. This explains how it comes about that Germany has had recourse for some time past to the most subtle and complex manœuvres to bring about the discussion of a peace. Russia, the Pope, have been sounded in turn, while the pseudo-Socialists of the German Empire have sought out their former comrades in the lands of Germany's enemies in order to incite them to sentiments of peace. Germany would like to conclude peace at a time favourable to her in order to impose on the countries she has conquered or into which she has penetrated the statute provided for in the Pan-Germanic plan. Major Moraht has plainly stated in the *Berliner Tageblatt*: "Our military chiefs are not in the habit of giving back that which we have acquired at the cost of blood and sacrifice." Another reason, an all-important one, which makes Germany desire peace, is that

if on the one hand she possesses the means of carrying on the war for a few months longer, she is face to face with France, England, and Russia, whose armies, which are not only not destroyed, but quite the contrary, are daily gaining strength. The prolongation of the war can therefore only jeopardise, and finally annihilate, all the advantages acquired by Germany. Early in the year Maximilian Harden admitted this fact when he wrote: "The plain truth is that no decisive victory has been won, and that Germany has still to face a terrible struggle for her very existence" (January, 1916). The plan of 1911 has, it is true, been achieved almost integrally, but under very precarious conditions. In spite of their many mistakes, the Allies hold a few trump cards. An important fact to be taken into consideration is that of all the countries now swallowed up by Germany, the most important in point of fact is Austria-Hungary, which is completely under the German thumb, and Germany's absolute control over the Dual Monarchy is of greater value to her than that she exercises on the Western and Eastern fronts. Hence it is part of the Pan-German plan, in so far as it affects Austria-Hungary, not to overlook the Balkans, and Turkey constitutes to an overwhelming extent the principal side of the Pan-Germanic plan. The Allies should give this indisputable fact their most earnest consideration. On the Eastern front the Germans have succeeded in occupying some three-fourths of the territory they had contemplated seizing under the 1911 plan. If in the first instance the Allies should experience a feeling of dismay at Germany's temporary achievements, they will soon, when analysing them, find in them food for consolation, for they will readily discern that the enormity of Germany's pretensions have placed the Berlin Government in a moral position which cannot meet with favour in the opinion of the civilised world. It is becoming manifest to neutral countries that Germany did not enter upon the war for the sake of defending herself, but with the sole object of conquest. If one calculates the considerable extent of the territories occupied by Germany, it will be an easy matter to conceive the magnitude of her downfall, and of the moral blow which will strike her as soon as, on some one point or another, the Allies will have won a complete and crush-

ing victory over the soldiers of the Kaiser. On the Western front Germany has declared that Belgium must of necessity become subject to Imperial legislation, and that she must be ruled in such a manner as to prevent that country from exercising any influence whatever over the political destinies of the German Empire. Belgium is, in fact, to become a mere slave. These ideas are embodied in the address presented to the Imperial Chancellor by the most powerful and influential corporations, May 20th, 1915. As regards France, the same address states that, considering Germany's position in regard to England, "it is of vital interest for us, in view of our future on the sea, that we should possess the coastal region adjoining Belgium down about as far as the Somme, which would secure to us an outlet into the Atlantic. The *Hinterland*, which must be acquired simultaneously, must have an extent such that, economically and strategically, the ports to which the canals lead may yield their full importance. All other territorial conquest of France, beyond the necessary annexation of the Briey iron mines, is to be made in view of consideration of military strategy only." Following upon her experiences in the present war, it is but natural that France should not expose her frontiers to future hostile invasions by leaving in the hands of the enemy fortresses, especially Verdun and Toul, that would be a threat to her, and the western buttresses of the Vosges situated between those two towns. By the conquest of the line of the Meuse and of the French coast, with the mouths of the canals, Germany would acquire, in addition to the Briey mines, the coalfields of the Nord and Pas-de-Calais departments. To sum the matter up, Germany would be robbing France of a territory of 50,271 kilometres, containing before the war 5,768,000 inhabitants. Luxemburg and Belgium are for the present completely under the German domination, and were Germany suffered to remain in possession of them, the Netherlands would be compelled to enter the Germanic Confederation. Germany now occupies 20,300 kilometres of the 50,271 kilometres which she contemplated taking from France, 29,451 kilometres of Belgian soil, 2,586 kilometres of Luxemburg, and, to all intents and purposes, the 38,141 kilometres representing the area of the Netherlands —in all, 90,478 kilometres; so that she has fulfilled the

expectations of the 1911 plan to the extent of 76 per cent., all this at the expense of non-German nationalities. Without going more deeply into the causes of the war, it is well to point out that had France been seduced by the blandishments of the Kaiser, it would have been impossible for her to gather any Allies about her when once she had awakened out of her dream. There are neutrals, and even a certain number of Frenchmen, who believe that the war is the result of M. Delcassé's policy. The Kaiser repeatedly sought a *rapprochement* with France, they argue. It is true that the Kaiser did on many occasions attempt to draw France within his orbit, but it was done with the precise object of realising the Pan-Germanic plan. As regards France, had she pinned her faith in William II., she would not have suffered the horrors of a war, since a war would then have been worse than useless from the German standpoint. Had there indeed been no struggle, France would have been practically reduced to a state of slavery without its parallel in history, one which has never been brought about except following upon an overwhelmingly disastrous conflict. Such would have been the consummation of a Franco-German *rapprochement*. There was nothing left for the Kaiser but a war in order to realise the Pan-Germanic plan of 1911.

(*To be continued.*)

War and the Arts

By C. Gasquoine Hartley and Arthur D. Lewis

"THERE is no great art possible to a nation but that which is based on battle." Thus declared Ruskin in his usual militant manner, adding in an appendix that war "ought to cease among Christian nations." He does not, however, make "battle" the only basis of art; "though you *must* have war to produce art—you must also have much more than war; namely, an art-instinct or genius in the people."

Certainly there have been numberless wars which have left singularly little effect on the literature and painting of those nations which took part in them. Most of the wars of the Middle Ages were probably quite as natural to the peoples affected as an inclement summer, for the self-contained village communities were indifferent to what went on a mile or so away. The slaughter was not on a modern scale, and knowledge of what had happened did not reach a wide circle until it had become a legend.

Life was insecure and conflict was common, but it was conflict of the body: to the vast masses mental uncertainty was still unknown. The definitely outlined figures in their pictures are as dogmatic as the firm pillars and solid buttresses of Norman architecture. Ages of fighting and mental security are gifted with simplicity of expression. One Catholic faith was everywhere accepted.

Untroubled art is the product of deepest faith; mere famine, pestilence, and slaughter will not disturb the buildings, the paintings, and the books in which men express their feelings. The violence, stabbings, poisonings, and orgies of the Italian renaissance which inspired our English dramatists with such plays as *The Duchess of Malfi*, did not prevent Italians from painting calm Madonnas flanked with portraits of dignified donors, or Pagan legends woven into patterns of interlacing line. A similar disregard for the actions of their day was shown by artists in words. A

"Romance of the Rose," or tales of King Arthur, throw little light on the national destinies of the countries of their origin.

Not until such times as men, for good or evil, attach more importance to their individual reflections and less importance to the fixed teaching of a church, can we expect to see war reflect itself in the writings and paintings of a nation. And when it does this, we must remember that the man who feels deeply on public questions, and wishes to influence others quickly, will state his views in a pamphlet or a speech, and not in a poem. Milton wrote involved prose to preach freedom of the Press, to attack the divine right of kings, and to justify divorce; he waited until the cause of the Commonwealth was defeated before he wrote "Paradise Lost." Possibly in that poem he placed a justification of revolt against tyranny in the mouth of Satan; he can hardly have hoped that many of his readers would be converted by it to republicanism.

"Paradise Lost" furnishes an example of the indirect manner in which real wars are reflected in European literature. Fighting is not to be considered as a display of physical strength and nervous energy, but as a means of expressing and symbolising the conflicts of man's desires. In Shakespeare, fields of battle are like desolate mountain tops and thundery skies—huge backgrounds against which the huger passions of men reveal their true size. Would that our theatrical producers would remember this and not overwhelm the actors! Again, in the early Saxon poem of "Beowulf," and many other tales of conflict with dragons and monsters, the monsters of the marsh are the hidden desires of man himself, desires lustful or warlike, disguised because they are so unflattering to man's self-esteem, so blameworthy in the eyes of his fellows. The treasure that they guard—the hoard or serpent or maiden—is but a symbol disguising woman or the "treasure" of her hidden parts, to the gaining of which forbidden desire prompts. It is in the introspective and self-controlling north, in Germanic languages, that the dragon with its *treasure* is found. In southern variations of the legend the treasure is simply a virgin.

The fact is that those who have actually seen bloodshed have either been unable to use their eyes in battle,

or have been so horrified that they did not wish to write stories or poems. The main novels about war, such as Zola's "La Débâcle," and Kipling's stories, have been written by blood-thirsty invalids and sedentary men of letters. Probably the horrors of war have been better suggested by artists such as Verestchagin, Callot, and Goya than by any writer. Goya etched in the "Disasters of War" the scenes of misery he had actually seen in the towns and villages of Spain at the time of the Peninsular War. The tragic truth is here, the iniquity of war.

Æschylus is one of the very few writers who ever fought in a great war and afterwards wrote a work of creative art dealing with scenes he had witnessed. He produced a drama telling of the shame and misery and mourning of the enemy he had helped to defeat.

What should be remembered is this: those who, like Hobbes or Macchiavelli, are acquainted with actual warfare, are wholly occupied with the practical problem of how to regain periods of peace. They write treatises of genius intended to give help in statecraft, not works of art telling stories of battles. They do not stir men to fresh enthusiasms and fresh revolts against tyranny.

When wars of ideas take place on earthly battlefields, then, indeed, the ideas will struggle against each other long after the physical conflict is exhausted. The wars of the eighteenth century were carried on to please rulers, and did not touch the vital ideas and feelings of the peoples. Therefore, they did not prevent a Voltaire or Montesquieu from coming to the land of a recent enemy in order to study constitutions and the working of political organisations. Now, in reality, they came because by the shedding of blood something had really been settled about the position of kings. The method of settlement had been advertised to the world by violence and the execution of a king. It is not in the midst of a war against the Divine Right of kings that men make black marks on white paper to tell of the rights of man. Yet all that subsequently was written in England, in France or America, on equality before the law and on liberty and fraternity, has been based on what was learnt in the time of war. War and revolution are the thunder and the voice of the trumpet without which the best moral and political ideas never

attract sufficient attention to lead to difficult action. For the world will not listen to a truth until bloodshed and violence have awakened its imagination.

The people who believe in great social changes brought about by imperceptible growth, and in the levelling of classes and transforming of economic systems by step by step reforms are, then, following a will-o'-the-wisp. Unless some fearful shock has operated to stir men's minds deeply with regard to classes and the ownership of property, there will be no motive sufficient to counteract the inert gravity of selfishness and custom. In essentials, the revolutionary and catastrophic Socialists are less Utopian than the practical and parliamentary reformists. The sluggard imaginations of men are not readily stirred except by an appeal that arouses the primitive emotion of terror.

It was largely by war and persecution that the supremacy of Christianity, a religion of a defeated God, who attacked the successful, was first established. The sacredness of Christianity is the sacredness of a religion which did not fear to conquer some of the less Latinised parts of Europe by shedding blood. Several instances are related by the Venerable Bede in our own land of the slaughter of pagan chiefs, followed by the wholesale conversion of their followers.

We see thus that the "argument of force" is never conclusive without the argument of reason, but neither is the argument of reason often effective without the argument of force. The heresy of over-spirituality is as injurious as the heresy of over-materialising. Man can live neither by bread alone nor without bread: without vision the people perishes, yet never can men live on visions alone.

It is well-known that nations defeated in everything but spirit have been known to influence their conquerors. An inferior race, said Disraeli, can never absorb a superior race. Indeed, the very ghost of a dead nation, rising from its buildings, its books, or its statues, may exert an influence that, in some cases, extends to the works of distant foreigners, and persists long after the death of the race that first produced them, leading to a revival in the arts more lasting than any material conquest. The people in whom the art-instinct (which is the truest expression of the spirit) is strongest will in the long account direct the after-

development of the race, whether they be the conquerors or the conquered.

Whenever we open the pages of history we may find proofs, if we understand them, of this vital quality of art. Let us take, as one instance, the growth of the wonderful Moorish art in Spain, which offers a curious and interesting case of an interchange of influences on the arts between two races engaged in long-continued warfare.

The Moors began to invade Spain in the year 712; they remained in the Peninsula for the space of four hundred years. The invaders were a race of young and vigorous culture, which made such astonishing and rapid growth that although in Africa they had hardly emerged from savagery, in Spain they manifested a truly wonderful receptivity, and absorbed and developed the best elements they found in the life of the country. This is plainly evident when we examine the Moorish buildings. The fundamental elements belong to the Roman-Byzantine and Persian schools. In Spain this style was not new, but was already developed before the Moorish conquest, in the early Byzantine Christian churches. Even the horse-shoe arch, so universally connected with Moorish work, was adapted from the Christians. The Moors did not bring a new style of building into Spain, but by the special manner in which they adapted to their own temperament the art which they found already there, a new style was produced. This style is known in Spain as Mudjar art.

Notwithstanding the age-long wars between Spanish Christianity and Moorish Islamism, the Spaniards and the Moors remained closely related in the arts. The Moor gave to the Spaniard and he took from him, and they contributed to the same work of national civilisation. After the re-conquest the skilful Moorish builders were widely employed in the service of the Christians, while other cases are recorded of Christian artisans working under the superintendence of Moorish architects. These Mudjar buildings combine the elements of both the Arab and the Christian styles: they stand as a splendid witness to the work of a conquered people.

Everywhere in Spain we meet with this fact of the conquered race directing the after-expression of the conquerors. The Moorish dominion ended, passing almost

as swiftly as it came. But the spirit of their exquisite civilisation—perhaps the most exquisite the world has yet seen—moulded their Christian victors into its likeness. And penetrating the Spanish character, as also all the later developments of the incomparable Spanish art, this influence remains; indeed, it is not over-stating the truth to say that to-day the pulse of the land still beats with Moorish life.

If we turn now to wars covering a wider area, and at some of their stages, at any rate, felt to be of greater spiritual significance, we find that it was this significance rather than the material conflict that was reflected in art. Liberal writers of the Napoleonic period in England and Germany could praise their enemy because they saw in him an instrument of the Revolution, fighting against the Conservatives of their own countries. They regarded Napoleon as what we should to-day call a Superman, accomplishing the impossible in spite of the Philistines' belief that miracles had ceased; there was now a divine right to a proper return on your capital and to a quiet life of sordid aims. The effect of the Napoleonic wars on the mind of England was, indeed, a somewhat paradoxical one. England's position as the workshop of the world was notoriously due to the opportunity for quiet profit-making given to her by the blockade of the continental ports and her seclusion from the fields of battle. The early factory fortunes quietly rose under the hard eyes of their owners, who pitilessly wore out generations of children, at the same time when another section of the population were fighting with our natural enemies of that day. Dull rational commercial prosperity, with its smug self-satisfaction, led to the literature of revolt and of romantic discovery of past times and distant places: Shelley and Byron were products of the age they disliked. Scott and the Gothic Revival are signs of a reaction against the mood of exaltation which ruled the victors in war and trade.

The present calamitous war has again had the advantage of startling the excellent people, who are careful to obey the laws of respectability and avoid scandal, and all the tribe of those who have got on in the world because of their manners and positions. It has been a war of miracles

which were outside their world of possibility. The Kaiser Wilhelm II. has been Napoleon enough to startle them, and they have done what they had not done before. The humbug of political sham fights, which must usually be continued because the ordinary silly Liberal or Conservative voter would be horrified if the real points of dispute were discussed with their comparative insignificance naked before the eyes of the world, will not for some time yet be fully restored. No one but a German would have taken English political speeches seriously, as the Germans did when they expected civil war in Ireland. Unfortunately, in England the shock of battle, although this war is one of the greatest disasters known to history, may not be sufficient to inspire us with undiscovered thought. The position of these islands will again enable us to profit relatively, while the centre of the continent is desolated utterly. As we insisted before, nothing but a very great shock—the disorganisation of society by the Black Death, starvation and an empty exchequer following a period of completely hopeless misgovernment—ever broke down a system of society. We must beware of the inconsequent optimism of certain writers of to-day. Hardly had the war begun, before H. G. Wells was prophesying terms of peace which would infinitely improve Europe. Such absurd extravagance can only lead to disillusionment and apathy. It will encourage artists in those types of art that have least to do with the vital needs of our nation.

So far as the war increases the importance in the eyes of the world of small nationalities, such as Belgium and Servia, and gives them confidence to express their views of the world, we shall have an influence counteracting the easy, silly optimism of England. The Belgians have been brought near to the difficulties of national existence. The defeat after a terrible struggle of a nation that tries to tear the tongue from the mouths of its opponents should encourage a reaction of eloquence in these smaller peoples who will know too well the terrible sacrifices without which safety cannot be preserved.

The militarist with his "war is war" is not a scrap worse than the industrialist with his "business is business." Peace has its brutalities as well as war. The victims of lead-poisoning and chemical fumes are not as carefully

sought out. In the competitive struggle in which one man gets work by taking it from another, who has a wife and children just as much as himself, men do not count for as much to employers as they do to lieutenants in war. Business makes war on children. Think of the half-timers going into the over-heated and over-moist atmosphere of the cotton-mill before breakfast at six and to school in the afternoon of the same day. Fools will tell you it does them no harm, but do not believe it. Is it too much to hope that the commercialist upholders of peace may be led by this war to pay attention to the militarist's question: "Do I not give opportunities to men for heroic courage such as is never seen in days of peace?" Then the man of business may see that the problems of industrial warfare call for courage. Mere fear of the unknown effects of change ought not to prevent us from attacking established and respected injustice. For surely by now this ought to be clear: both the militarist and the commercialist, by thinking of man as nothing but a fighting or nothing but a bargaining animal, lose all common sense and common knowledge of what men are like. Bombarding cathedrals and shooting unarmed villagers do not turn out as profitable as the destroyer might think, and neither does pitiless speeding up encourage smooth working as much as may have been expected. The industrialist, till the war broke out, thought he had killed war by showing it does not pay; in peace he felt he might safely continue for ever treating men as his tools and cattle.

If it is really to prove true that war is to be brought to an end by war; if a limitation of armaments is to be the result of a world conference following the greatest slaughter ever known, what a blow this will be to the doctrine preached for the last century of the improvement of the world by the slow process of evolution. This is not evolution; it is catastrophic revolution. If this proves the method by which one great change, and (as we think) moral improvement will be brought about, why should it not be the method needed in the economic relations of men? If war is ended by war, why should not capitalism in its turn be ended by revolution?

It is the commonest error to think of art as if it

stood outside the other activities of life. Under the cloak of art much self-amusement and vulgar self-display have tried to justify themselves, and many mercenary interests have been concerned in stinting its vitality. But by this great European war men have been brought back to the primitive emotions. Art which depends on mere wit, mere ingenuity, mere thin cleverness will become unimportant. This must be. The cold-blooded, premeditated and disciplined atrocities committed by the German soldiers in Belgium, the cruel and wholesale crimes that call for a vengeance, will certainly make the trickery of mere cleverness in the arts less possible in the future. For it is the simple passionate elements of life that have been almost wholly eliminated from the arts—from our architecture, our statues, our paintings, our music, and from much of our literature. The arts have withered and lost the spring of life in our narrow and blighting commercial society.

We do not want to weary the reader with what can only be suggestions. It seems to us certain, however, that the vital facts of war will give birth to new forces, that yet are old. The terrible German civilisation which believes itself to have a divine mission to trample on a multitude of bodies in order to establish its rule over the survivors, has rightly aroused once more in the hearts of men one of the simple force-giving emotions—that of hate.

National Discipline

By Miles

A good deal has rightly been said lately about the danger of talk in war, and in part the preparedness of the Germans on our recent line of attack has been put down to the fact that "Albert" (as Mr. Lovat Fraser well said) was the best-shared "secret" of the war. Undoubtedly it was so. It is our English difficulty. In a Democracy such as ours, which abhors discipline, which lacks national training and, indeed, rather despises it, freedom of speech is part of our English sense; we all tell one another things; the war is the topic in "pub" and drawing-room throughout Great Britain.

But it is not merely talk which constitutes the danger; the root of the evil lies in the conditions of our national life, which all militate against the preservation of military secrecy. To take the latest example: the undoubted knowledge of the enemy as to the time of our offensive. This was not really revealed by talk; it was given away absolutely by the man who to-day is our new Minister of War. When Mr. Lloyd George appealed publicly to the workers to forgo their Whitsuntide holiday, promising them in return a double holiday in August, he indicated as clearly as could be without exact specification the approximate date of our offensive, which naturally the enemy took eagerly to heart. I do not know that he is to blame. He had at all costs to stop the outrageous amateurishness which contemplated the holding up of supplies in the crisis of the war in accordance with the calendar holidays; and as public utterance on the part of Ministers is the only thing that Demos listens to, his passionate exhortation was perhaps the only available expedient in the absence of national discipline and that military sense common to European peoples.

The publicity accorded to the arrival of General Joffre in England put the cap on it, so to speak. It is impossible

to believe that the Germans did not at once conclude that our offensive was imminent, whether the French General came here for that purpose or not. In these two facts alone we have the reason of the German preparedness.

Precisely the same thing happened in connection with the Gallipoli expeditions, which were freely spoken about a full month before the landings in every other drawing-room in London. English drawing-rooms have many ears. There are dozens of foreigners always reaching and leaving these shores—but there is no need to labour the point, which is that in what is known as "society" the most important military secrets are discussed before servants and people (many of them not English or half-English or American-English) without the smallest regard for military expediency, whether it be the departure of Lord Kitchener or the loss of a ship such as the *Audacious*, or the plans of an offensive on the main front, or in one of our subsidiary expeditions.

I need hardly say that in America the date and point of our recent offensive was known some weeks before it took place. Let me cite one other example illustrating our difficulty of secrecy. Quite two weeks before our attack began officers wrote home from France telling their mothers that they would not hear from them for a couple of weeks, but "not to worry"; which information the mothers, not unnaturally, imparted here and there, so that it may truthfully be said that all over the country the "offensive" was known two weeks before it began.

There are still Englishmen who do not wish to see Germany beaten and humbled. We have still forces among us who appear to work for Germany. We have still many among us whose interests and sympathies are not necessarily or naturally British; then, too, we have always to take into account the quite peculiar cantankerousness of our Island individualism, that waywardness of mind which breeds our cranks and conscientious objectors and "No War" visionaries, and which finds its highest expression among the Irish, as we know now to our shame in connection with Sinn Fein.

Yet still Ministers have to exhort Labour not to starve the men at the Front, and so probably we shall have to get up a newspaper controversy to stop the August holi-

days; and still Ministers have to talk publicly about the number of munition works and the production of shells; and last, but not least, we have the utterly indecent and ridiculous spectacle of a public committee sitting on aeroplanes—a regular laundry business of dirty linen washing even as we fight the greatest battles in our history in the extreme crisis of the war.

It is this all-round amateurishness of attitude which is our great danger, as evidenced by that sublime *naïveté* which "briefed" Mr. Winston Churchill to "explain" the Jutland battle, and he the man who had to quit the Admiralty to save Mr. Asquith's Ministry: the man of the "hornets" and other "rat-digging" vapour; who tried to restore confidence in himself by frightening us about German naval guns and surprises as the result of a couple of months' "thought" as a soldier in France.

In all this it is not Press publicity which has been at fault. On the contrary, the Press has shown a remarkable insight, restraint, and national discrimination; and if it has had to storm and shout, that is the penalty of our Ministerial irresponsibility and spirit of *laissez-faire*; in all essentials it has borne itself with a fine patriotism and self-discipline. The trouble lies in our non-military sense, in our want of national system, national education and discipline, which compelled us in the circumstances in which war found England to raise our Armies and conduct our affairs publicly instead of privately. The paradox of the situation is that whereas "news" and Press publicity have been conspicuous for their suppression to such an extent that the Government are enabled to eliminate all sense of responsibility in their conduct of the war, and virtually rule as a dictatorship, talk and the continuance of our old open methods, which are fatal in war, have done more harm than if there had been no censorship at all and the newspapers had been free to publish what they pleased.

For the mere fact of the censorship acted as a spur to talk and the private search for information rather than as a deterrent. Finding that the Press "knew nothing," people instinctively set about discovering things for themselves. And the incentive was the greater in that a certain excitement attached to the "nosing out" of information, and a personal satisfaction in imparting it. News-finding has

actually been a cult with us during the last year and a half. It filled drawing-rooms; provided the success of "dinners"; kept us, as it were, "in the know," curiosity being one of the strongest instincts of man.

This is what the censorship indirectly has effected. Instead of preventing military information and secrets from leaking out, it has fostered their dissemination, because in a Democracy where the Press is the inevitable forum and depository of expression, the public has, perforce, largely become its own news-gatherer and reflector; for if things cannot be done in one way, they are generally done in another.

And this evil has arisen owing to the Government's lack of understanding of war and the uses of publicity and of the psychology of the English people. Just as an army cannot be improvised overnight, so neither can national discipline. The authorities, who thought they were fulfilling their duty by suppressing the Press, by maintaining a ludicrous secrecy about the deeds of this or that regiment, or this or that man, and that the highest wisdom lay in nominating an official "Eye-Witness" to converse pleasantly about the weather and mud of Flanders, have contributed unwittingly, no doubt, but directly to that habit of talk and news-gathering which in polite circles has positively attained the dimensions of a national peril. And the truth is that, in consequence of this evil, there is no military secrecy, and we all pride ourselves on knowing and telling to our friends what "is not in the newspapers"; and over this publicity there is no censorship.

It is a very serious matter, for we are ill serving the men who are fighting, ill serving our Allies. Not until a year and a half after the declaration of war did our authorities see fit to put up warnings in railway carriages—not to talk to strangers; and the fact is characteristic of their ignorance and want of military sense. Yet another example of "wait and see."

But to-day men are beginning to see for themselves that what we most need at home is national discipline and that sense of war which should make us here the helpers and servitors of the soldiers, instead of, as is only too frequently the case, their obstructors and worst friends.

A Lesson from Secret Service

By Major Darnley-Stuart-Stephens

A MILITARY question of the hour is, Will the German infantry persist in its addiction to the attack in closely locked masses? The hecatomb of Verdun has taught nothing to our enemy; and as the taking and retaking of positions progress in a welter of blood, we may take it for granted that the "hacking through" form of assault will remain the typical feature of the German infantry assault until the reserves have evaporated in the battle smoke. For the cult of the sledge-hammer offensive and the necessity of close formations in order to prevent disorder is the ingrained creed of the Kaiser's great General Staff. When under the *incognito* of an inoffensive company promoter seeking capital to develop in the then German Damaraland a diamond patch of my own discovery, I spent some months in Berlin; I met on intimate terms most of the important officers of what were then the brain of the Kaiser's colossal war machine. Not a few of these gifted men were, as well, brilliant but impecunious soldiers of other armies, consumed with a huge desire to make a rapid fortune, and the writer was in their eyes apparently the very instrument through which such a desirable change of circumstances could be effected. Greed blinded my sometime German friends to the suspicion that I might be "a collector of military secrets"—the *argot* in the Second Bureau of the French Ministry of War for an officer employed in the territory of a potential enemy in a stimulating hunt for military secrets. How, behind the stalking-horse of the diamond mine which was going to make all my "Grosser Stab" comrades rich beyond the dreams of avarice, I discovered that the enemy's field artillery was being transformed on the sly into quick-firing guns has been duly recounted in the pages of this REVIEW.* Having

* "On Secret Service in Germany," ENGLISH REVIEW, March, 1915.

made this explanation for the information of those who have not seen my former Secret Service articles in the ENGLISH REVIEW, let me proceed to the matter in hand. After the sanguinary lessons of "the death slopes" of St. Privit, when the Prussian Guard met with next door to annihilation, a loose form of advance was momentarily adopted by Emperor William's infantry. But it at once proved a lamentable failure; for, owing to that want of individuality which the Frederick the Great machine discipline has for so many generations ground into the spirit of Teutonic "cannon fodder," Fritz only excels in the assault when he feels Hans comfortably close to him. In fine, the German soldier is peculiarly susceptible to the auto-suggestion of the crowd. And here is why we must expect to continue to hear of solid blocks of discipline-driven Hun humanity being propelled against the positions seized by the French and British during the progress of the great drive. Here is what I heard General Bronsort von Schillendorf * say on this particular subject one night in 1897 at his house in Berlin.

"When we make war" (observe the aggressive "make") "next upon France, we must free our fighting tactics from the weakness" (extended order) "which a false and sentimental humanity has introduced; and to finish once and for all our ancient enemy we must insist on the restoration of the bloody energy of war." These invigorating sentiments were drawn forth by a previous dissertation over our pipes and beer by a certain Colonel Meckel, whose views were punctuated by approving grunts from General A. von Boguslawski, sometime commander of the 1st Prussian Grenadier Regiment.

Who was Meckel? Well, be it said, it was he who of all others in the German forces was the soldier-scribe whose powerful pen brought about the resumption of the "bloody energy" of the massed attack. He passed to the land of shades in 1905, where he no doubt will endeavour to protect himself from the unpleasing proximity of the half-million ghosts of those who, in obedience to his theories, were butchered in front of Verdun.

It has been recognised only quite recently that

* Prussian Minister of War and author of the "Duties of the General Staff"—the text-book of every army in the world.

Colonel Meckel was the author of a pamphlet, *Ein Sommernachtstraum*, which was sent in January, 1900, to Queen Victoria and the then Prince of Wales by the Kaiser. This was one of those clumsy practical jokes which the Imperial Hun was so fond of playing on his relatives. The fanciful title given to a disquisition on battlefield tactics, packed with illustrations of appalling carnage, took in the Queen and her successor until, after the perusal of a few pages, they found out what stuff a "Midsummer Night's Dream" really was.

Of course, the question of the refined taste of such wit in sending, without any explanation, such a present to his august grandparent would have to be decided by Hohenzollern standards. Well, anyway, it is this work, which Meckel gave as a far from welcome Christmas gift to the German Army that we have to read if we are to form a conclusion as to what we have still to face from the decreasing German host. For many years the identity of "The Midsummer Night's Dream" was carefully concealed in Germany, with the amusing result that more than one equaletted impostor allowed it to be thought that he was the guilty author. On several occasions in social life in Berlin I have had a Von So-and-So pointed out to me, accompanied by the information in an awed whisper, "That's the officer who is believed to have written 'The Dream.'" I learnt to know the author fairly well. At my rooms at the Kaiserhof Hotel we talked until daylight about Japan, where he had been for four years as chief instructor at the Staff College which he created. We talked of music—he had written two successful musical dramas—and we talked of diamonds—oh, we most certainly inevitably switched on to my great enterprise in the rich desert which Louis Botha has reconquered for Britain; for this Berlin Admirable Crichton was, in spite of his versatile attainments, ever drifting into financial embarrassments. He drew a princely salary from the Mikado and nobly spent it to the last sen. He collared whacking royalties from the production of his plays, and the ladies behind the footlights who tripped it to his Offenbach-like melody, and who possessed many virtues but not *virtue*, got back every mark. And I, knowing that he was opportunely hard up, dazzled him with visions of shares, deben-

tures, and what not galore. Thus I got to know him in his habits, and, as a consequence, to appreciate the influence his teaching has still on the spirit of the German Army, and also on the Japanese Army. For it is gratefully acknowledged by the Empire of the Rising Sun that it was the principles of generalship and the higher leading of troops inculcated by him when in the Far East that were used with success against the Chinese in 1894–5, and again, ten years later, against Russia. Listen to what this apostle of the dense formation read to me one night from a manuscript: "I was under a kind of spell, my mind was filled by the true picture of how our infantry must meet the French, and of the elevating pictures of death-despising obedience, of magnetic leadership, of unbending severity, and the indestructible power of close order." What my friends are pleased to term a "weird and wonderful memory" has stood to me throughout my varied life. Thirteen years after that night when Colonel Meckel read me that extract without telling what it was meant for, I saw it in print, and at once recognised the passage, as I did that the spirit of his teaching ran through the latest German infantry regulations which finally abolished the "rain-worm" formation which had been introduced in the 'eighties in order to diminish losses in the assault. This nickname, I may add, was given by the soldiers because of the appearance represented by an attack in force being made by infantry advancing in many small, thin, wriggling columns.

In Meckel's fantasy, the "Dream," he says: "In the grand war we will have millions of Landwehr employed on the road to Paris. For obvious reasons they will be more sensitive than the field army to the disadvantages and dangers (*sic*) of the dispersed fight, and require even more holding together." Which all means that he understood his countrymen, who were not born to combat in thin lines of heroes. *Verbum sap.*

Why? Let the answer come from one of themselves. Here is a revelation from Meckel which, when published as an anonymous pamphlet, was read with dismay by the German Army, for it was the first time since 1870–71 that the unpleasant truth had appeared in cold print.

"We did not arrive on the field till late in the day. The

ground was literally strewn with men, fragments of the new dispersed order system, and they were doing nothing. Whole battalions could be formed from the skulkers, who had taken advantage of an evil change in our drill. Some were lying down, their rifles pointing to the front, as if they were still in the firing line and were expecting the French to attack them any moment. Others had squatted like hares in the furrows. Wherever a bush or a ditch gave imaginary shelter there were men to be seen, who in some cases had stripped off their knapsacks and had made themselves very comfortable. All these skulkers gazed at us without showing the least interest. The fact that we belonged to another army corps seemed to be a sufficient excuse for treating us with blank indifference. I heard them say, 'These fellows, like the others, are going to let themselves be shot.'

"The men nearest to me bore on their shoulder-straps the number of a famous regiment. I turned to look at my own boys. They began to seem uneasy; some were pale. I began to feel alarmed at the effect upon my command. It was so disgraceful a sight. A long way from the front, while only the whistle of an occasional bullet could be heard, I saw six men, one behind the other in a long queue, cowering at the back of a tree. As we advanced I saw this sight so often that I had become accustomed to it. The tree I speak of was not thick enough to give cover to one man. In this instance the sixth was a sergeant. Near the tree there were little irregularities of ground which would have given good cover to all six. But they were too stupid, too dazed; nothing for them but the mass, hand-clutching the next man's wrist. Would not Frederick's soldiers, who knew nothing about the extended attack, have been ashamed to present such a shameful spectacle to passing comrades?"

Then Meckel goes on to tell how he gave the order to advance, "with drums beating and doing the 'goose-step.'" He is honest enough to explain that this prancing progress has the double effect of keeping the men's attention absorbed by an action to which they have been long habituated, and that it is by no means easy for a man to dodge to the rear through casualty intervals when he has first to stop prancing. But the "contemptible little army"

can do its bit without resorting to such a grotesque mode of keeping our Tommies in hand under the stress of bullet-rain or shell-storm.

Initiative is not a marked quality of the Boche. The instinct of leadership lurks not within his little soul. He takes kindly to a mind-numbing discipline that would make our Tommy break out into open mutiny. That is one of the reasons why the natural formation of the one is the column, of the other the line.

To return to Meckel. "When fighting in close order our men will keep their places in the hour of danger without being heroes. Here the weak and nervous are supported by the strong; here the power of discipline, the influence of the strict drills in peace-time, and the authority of the leader prevail. In dispersion it is difficult to be steadfast; in close order it is difficult to skulk. So long as we retain this accursed new style of fighting ('rainworm columns') may we early in the fight assuredly reckon on confusion, and then the cowards have the upper hand. On the march on Paris, after the new drill was inaugurated, one of my young officers forbade his men to fire, and instructed them to advance to within six hundred paces of the French. He placed himself in front of his half *Zug*, called out 'Double march,' and ran as quickly as he could to the place where he intended opening fire.

"Who can describe his horror-stricken amazement when on arriving he saw that but three men had followed him. Shame and anger struck within him. There was nothing for him but to return and bring up his little command. Then the men told him that the sergeant had kept them back. What was done to this skulker? From that time forward, whenever there appeared to be any likelihood of fighting, he was sent to the baggage guard, and when he was before Paris he was given work in the kitchen. All this cannot have been pleasant to him, yet it was not as bad, to him a coward, as being executed. The company could not bear the shame of bringing a non-commissioned officer before a court-martial for cowardice. No, it preferred to bear the secret shame of leaving such a non-commissioned officer unpunished, though he was a bad example to weak men, and caused rage to strong men. If we fight our next war with France on the dispersed-order system, the number of

stragglers will be so great that punishment will be impossible."

What a confession! Yet it is not wonderfully surprising. The Boche who transfixes with his vaunted bayonet a suckling torn from its Gallic mother's breast, does best in combat when linked to his comrade's arm. For cruelty and poltroonery are not seldom convertible terms, and so I believe that the German massed form of attack will persevere.

NOTE.—Since writing the above, a copy of General von Falkenheyn's letter of advice on the training of the new formations has fallen into my hands. It is dated May 22nd last, and has not yet, as far as I know, found publication in this country. I may explain that I received it through an American source. The chief interest of this document lies in the indication it gives of the absolute need of fresh troops by the middle of next September, which, to my mind, would imply that as the date fixed for the maximum of the enemy's effort. Does this mean that our great push has anticipated a tumultuous assault in the early autumn against our Western front?

In Section 4 of the document under "Infantry" occurs the following:—"But the supreme end to attain is always to advance up to the enemy's infantry line as quickly as possible and to drive it back on its artillery. Each step will mean heavy expense, yet it is the only way to victory, for none of our adversaries can withstand our incomparably disciplined mass attack."

There it is again, the old story of the "massed attack." But if these doomed masses are not able to stay and *extend* their lodgment in a position achieved by hacking-through tactics, well then, "Hoc opus, hic labor est."

In this titanic struggle the belligerents have, to the astonishment of the majority of self-gazetted military experts, resumed forms of fighting which have an old-world smack about them. The trenches have brought every type of grenade, the missile which is the badge of the Grenadier Guards, and the Chinese "stink-pot" into renewed activity, and in tactics we are once more confronted with Napoleon's deep columns looming up out of the battle-smoke. And

when the armies meet in the open, I suppose we will see the spectacle of Peninsular days reacted when Wellington's red lines of marvellous infantry overlapped and smothered with its superior field of fire the heads of the advancing mass of fiery Gallic valour. This is the *rôle* for our infantry, the enveloping and crushing of the enemy's favourite formation by the throwing diagonally forward of our flanks. Here, on a small scale, was what happened at the infantry engagements which preceded the British cavalry charges at Balaclava. A huge column of Muscovite cavalry drove down upon Colin Campbell's "thin red line tipped with steel." When the Russian horse had, in a dense, narrow-fronted mass, arrived within the distance of a cricket crease of our Kilties, the flank companies of the 93rd wheeled inwards, and their enfilading volleys completely crumpled up the head of the Tsar's heavy cavalry, which if it had charged in line or *échelon* of squadrons would probably have "got home."

The lessons of Waterloo, of Albuera—oh! most certainly of Albuera—will be repeated when the struggle on the Western front has overflowed from the trenches on to the open field. Then will our superior marksmanship and fire discipline find its logical expression. Mayne commenced it, Ian Hamilton and Congreve, V.C., in India and at Hythe expanded it until our system of musketry has during the last couple of decades become the most perfect in the military world. This lesson was driven into Teutonic understanding when they underwent their rifle-fire punishment from our stubbornly shooting rear-guards on their way down the historic road from Mons.

The Hun will continue to employ his mass of columns; we, I hope, will stick to our immemorial line, for I cannot hearken to the curious rumour that has found its way to London—viz., that some important red-tabbed personage "somewhere in France" is endeavouring to persuade Sir Douglas Haig of the efficiency of a battalion attacking in company column at close intervals. Should such a folly be attempted, our most valuable asset in open fighting—the superiority of our rifle fire—would at once be heavily handicapped.

In "Blighty"

By Austin Harrison

THOUGH at this hour in the supreme crisis of the war our minds and our hearts are entirely with the British Armies in France, and in these days of action words are apt to appear incongruous, if not ridiculous, perhaps the best service we at home can render to those at the Front is to watch the affairs in what the soldiers characterise as "Blighty." And it is both significant and symptomatic to note that with the first great military success achieved by our arms in France, here we find an attempted resurrection on the part of some of our discredited politicians.

Lord Haldane's "offensive," which took the initial form of a sensible lecture on national education, was timed adroitly, the underlying idea being, no doubt, that we would be in jovial fettle as the result of our achievements in battle. Nor with what Lord Haldane said as to our coming needs and requirements is there much to cavil at. As has been pointed out before in this REVIEW, the difference between profession and performance, or Lord Haldane in office and Lord Haldane playing for office, is not only remarkable, but bewildering. Yet it is precisely this difference which constitutes the danger, and our justification for returning to it.

Challenged abruptly by the Duke of Buccleuch in the Lords, the ex-Minister of War adopted the facile pose of injured innocence, insinuating with pomp and importance that he was only too anxious to meet the charges so wrongly levelled against him and dispose of all misunderstandings and imputations. In the Upper House this *démarche* fell flat; not even the effrontery of it brought about the doubtless carefully premeditated "sensation." Once more Lord

Haldane out of office spoke in the accents of a statesman, and very plainly it is the intention of the ex-War Minister, who just before the war spoke of Lord Roberts as an "amateur," to make a bid for official resuscitation now that things on the field are going well and we in "Blighty" are not likely to be over-critical.

The thing is almost inconceivable, but there it is—or, rather, there Lord Haldane is, asking us to follow his counsels, to take him to our hearts again, to reinstate him in office, as if he were the victim of some horrible Press conspiracy, or some incredible mistake, or one of those slings of fortune which are wont to afflict the great.

One would have thought that Lord Haldane, of all men of the political set that before the war worked, wittingly or unwittingly, for the "House of Prussia," would have wrapped himself up in the cloak of humility, or at least would not have intruded himself upon the public for the duration of the war. But obviously sackcloth and ashes are not Lord Haldane's apparel. Evidently he still sees no cause for retirement, no need of seclusion. He comes forth boldly as a man with a grievance, as a victim, a martyr. Like a good lawyer, he is determined to make a fighting case. In short, he is irrepressible. He has actually begun again to tell us what to do and to prove how fit he is to undertake the task of reconstruction, he still the only man who knows German.

Such is the political psychology in "Blighty." The man who was Minister of War in the years preceding the war, who himself, posing as a great administrator and organiser, not only did nothing to develop the Regular Forces, but took every opportunity to prevent the People from understanding the European situation and the German danger (which he, of course, was perfectly cognisant of and even "uneasy" about, to quote his own words)—this is the "General Staff" mind which again solicits our confidence and even scolds us for not following as blindly as he led us, according to his subsequent confession,

grotesquely unprepared, into the cataclysm of the war. Even the "spiritual" gas of the German chemists cannot vie with this emission of our discredited ex-Minister of War. It means that he judges Demos has learnt nothing and will learn nothing; that "good news" will reproduce all the old features, forms, and conditions of *ante-bellum* "Blighty," in the turmoil and feast of which he will again naturally be able to play his old-time part of political and military mentor.

Did I not think that in this Lord Haldane judges not wholly incorrectly, I would not recur to a case and a condition which by all law of evidence is a *chose jugée*. But Lord Haldane is an acute "thinker of politics." Not merely to satisfy his inordinate vanity has he reascended the forum. He has done so because, in his opinion, the hour is propitious and the conditions favourable, and of this we may be sure from his knowledge of German General Staff principles, which emphasise the importance of what they call the "psychological moment."

His resurrection constitutes a real question for us in "Blighty." The Government proceeds with that dilatoriness and irresponsibility inevitable in an Assembly of over a score of men; "messing about" with Ireland, Mesopotamia, finance, etc., shielded by that screen of Coalitional acquiescence which enables them to pose as indispensable under the kaleidoscopic ubiquity of Mr. Lloyd George. When, therefore, Lord Haldane estimates that the conditions have not changed, he probably judges fairly correctly. We don't use lamp-posts in these islands; in no wise has the principle of responsibility been enforced. If Mr. Winston Churchill can explain to "stupid" Democracy the Naval battle, why should not Lord Haldane explain to us the needs of education, seeing that we are all now receiving a thorough schooling in those very German methods which he for Germany held to be so spiritual and for his own country so wrong. And in point of the hour, too, Lord Haldane is not so far wrong. We all feel to-day immensely elated. In the flush and clash of victories we are ready to forgive those who trespass against us, and the

greater the victories the more magnanimous we are likely to become. "By my Hal-i-dane!" (no doubt Lord Haldane said to himself) "they won't worry about the past when the present is full of glory. So here goes—for the future."

What a future for—"Blighty"! Lord Haldane is to show us how to make German dyes; how to educate the young; how to fight the coming economic war against Central Europe; how to acquire that national sense and education so necessary if we are to maintain our place in the world—Lord Haldane, who alone of Ministers knew all about the German aims and preparations, and yet kept telling us to "put our troubles in the old kit-bag and"—do nothing.

The significance of Lord Haldane *redivivus* is not the man—as a lawyer and weather-worn politician he has long passed the climacteric of scruple or conscience—but the fact that he thinks we are ripe for his return; which is to say, that he reckons we are all ready to go back to the old conditions under the old figure-heads, as soon as the war is over. Synchronous with his reappearance we find a fresh bid for power on the part of Mr. Winston Churchill, and any day now we may expect to see Sir John Simon strolling into the market with a new bag of tricks such as he considers may prove acceptable. These are portents which Mr. Churchill's "foolish" men (to use the latest political word of Conjurokus) will do well to take heed of. We see that these gentlemen regard themselves as eminently suitable candidates for office as soon as they have re-established themselves on the credulity of the populace; that they are still utterly unabashed, unrepentant, and unteachable: potential place-hunters, no matter how gravely they have failed under the test of reality, no matter what infamous nonsense they talked, or what *national harm they did* when they were in receipt of the nation's money.

All that to them is a song of sixpence. Their attitude is this. "Suppose we did fail; admitted we did say a lot

of foolish things; granted we were wholly wrong about the Germans—what then? Are we not Ministers, eloquent speakers? Are there any better platform performers? Once a Minister, always a Minister! Who said responsibility? We have not got it. We don't like the idea. A man climbs into office on his tongue, not on his character or his actions. Now, our tongues are our fortune. What does it matter how wrong we were in the past, seeing that we are still the leading speakers, and more conversant with the wiles and practices of the trade than any other gentry in the land? We are the recognised soothsayers and smooth-sayers. Under the doctrine of 'Wait and see,' all things are possible to the man who can talk. The clouds will soon roll by, and then we will start a campaign and explain how curiously people went wrong in attributing to us any sense of responsibility when, as a principle of government, it is non-existent."

That is how these fallen lights reason, and in a real sense they reason rightly. Two fine brave men have left the Government because of this condition: Sir E. Carson on account of the Dardanelles; Lord Selborne on account of Ireland—on account of the "Wait and see" policy of Mr. Asquith, that is, in both cases. Mr. Churchill had to quit the Admiralty literally because the people could not stand the sheer danger of his personality any longer in connection with the Navy. Lord Haldane had to go because he was chiefly responsible for our unpreparedness, materially and spiritually, and because he, as the friend of the Kaiser and of Herr Ballin, stands convicted by his own words and by all results of either deliberate concealment of the truth, or of a well-nigh inconceivable stupidity. In either case, the last man ever to be trusted with power. Sir John Simon had to go because, as a pure lawyer unaccustomed to deal with realities, he failed to understand the gravity of the war and made a donkey of himself.

And here honesty compels me to say that so long as we regard politics as a game of words and fine phrases, and we exact no responsibility from those in power, our place-hunters, our lip-servers, our platform pundits will

continue to tumble and trouble, and, indeed, have this justification for their activities, that if we who pay them, who pay for them with our blood and wealth, regard such a condition as of small consequence, assuredly they cannot be expected to correct us. Every country has the Government it deserves. If we, even to-day, at this hour of destiny, see no reason to interfere with our present political system and its conditions, then we cannot complain if we have talkers to rule us, and lawyers to tie up the Navy, and visionaries and climbers to lead us astray, *more* Lord Haldane and Mr. Winston Churchill, who offered Germany a "Naval holiday" (thereby proving that he himself really was one of the "foolish" men who knew the truth); nor can we legitimately blame them for doing what, after all, it is publicly open for them to attempt.

When, therefore, we say to Lord Haldane, "No, you have sinned too much; we cannot trust you again," we are deceiving ourselves. Lord Haldane, however intellectually dishonest, in existing conditions can make a speech: "Not so. This is a free country. If the Public accepts me, it is good enough. I am free to make my bid. Rail as much as you please, the majority decides, not you. If I can re-obtain a backing, why, Mr. Asquith would no doubt be glad to have me back to-morrow, and no power that you possess can avail against the simple process historically described by President Lincoln as 'fooling the people.'"

And this is true. Only the other day Tribitsch Lincoln was M.P. If that is possible, obviously any rogue, any mountebank, can "fool the people." We have not altered these conditions. On the contrary, the very alien question remains the subject of clatter and the usual equivocation. Mr. Asquith governs absolutely with autocratic powers, and governs by secrecy. No man knows what he intends to do on any given matter until he does it—or, rather, doesn't do it. It is so with Ireland. As the result of the Paris Economic Conference all we have is another Committee, presumably the first Committee, which is to report to the second Committee, which will then refer its findings

back to the Cabinet for further delay, dilatoriness, and excision; whereas in France the results of the Conference will probably be in force before these words are printed.

That is what we have to consider, and consider now, in "Blighty." The evil consists, as has been insisted upon again and again in this REVIEW, in the want of Governmental responsibility, and it is a condition which permeates our whole English system. In the absence of it, Lord Haldane and the others are free to unpack their political baskets and display their wares, like any pedlar or showman; and there is no means, because no standard of responsibility, whereby to stay them. Denunciation of Lord Haldane's feats of omission and commission accomplish little, and may even serve him, for politicians live on publicity, and abuse in a Democracy is often the shortest way to power and preferment. Moreover, it is not logical. Mr. Asquith, as Prime Minister, is really more to blame than Lord Haldane, yet he remains in office, and with him all those of his political friends who have managed to avoid the incidence of personal prominence—due chiefly to their lack of personality—though all Mr. Asquith's Government were separately and collectively responsible for our unreadiness and policy; and all Mr. Asquith's Government to-day are jointly responsible for the *laissez-faire*, evasion, and muddle which are still the dominant characteristics.

True, some of the muddlers have been shed; thus the monumental Mr. Birrell. But this, as before said, is merely a fortuitous coincidence—his bad luck, we may truthfully say. That Mr. Asquith felt conscientiously about this particular shame we can see from the haste with which he sidetracked the job on to the Atlas shoulders of the "handyman" of the Government, the ex-demagogue, ex-Chancellor, ex-Munitions Minister, War Minister, and Irish lipsalver—Mr. Lloyd George, who enjoys a "good Press." He has become Mr. Asquith's patent formula. Sir John gone; Mr. Birrell in disgrace; Mr. Churchill condescending to write newspaper articles; Sir Edward Grey etiolated into the penumbra of a Viscounty, Lord Haldane, the

omniscient, only beginning to feel his feet again; Sir E. Carson independent; and Lord Selborne "out of it"—Mr. Asquith evidently likes not this attenuation of prop and constituency. Even he has begun to realise that the lack of responsibility may prove a dangerous game in the end. One by one his friends and henchmen have failed him. A political Casabianca, he sticks to the helm and looks anxiously about; but there is only Mr. Lloyd George in sight, only Mr. Lloyd George to save him; and so with the aid of this funambulist, or all-round fielder, Mr. Asquith steers his over-wieldy craft.

Whither? I am sure the Prime Minister has no idea. Is it the papers on the Macedonian "scandal"? Is it Ireland and the compromise, the lawyer's device? Is it the Dardanelles? Is it the strange carelessness which makes it possible for the Chancellor to let out—casually—that he had underestimated by a million pounds a day? Is it the grave question of the treatment of prisoners? Or the aliens? Or the Economic Conference? All the time Mr. Asquith has to dodge and evade the issue, now pleading official undesirability, now sheltering himself behind the shade of Lord Kitchener. For the want of responsibility has found itself out. It forces itself on the public attention. Every day we see here and there how we are paying for it; still more how increasingly we shall pay for it. Some of us have begun to wonder whether these conditions can possibly be allowed to endure, and the tattered remnants of Mr. Asquith's Governmcnt be entrusted with the continuance of authority.

The whole conditions of Government to-day have been boiled down to the acrobatic ingenuity of Mr. Lloyd George. If he fails, the whole cracks and must fall asunder. The question is: Can he, as the Bingo Boy of the troupe, survive the ordeal? Can he manage to come in at the last moment and save always what it is Mr. Asquith's business as Prime Minister to prevent? For so long as this is our Governmental condition, it will be open to Lord Haldane and his kind to try to persuade the public that they "told them so," and that the only remedy is—them-

selves. "Try us," they will say. "I did some thinking in France," Mr. Churchill will inform us. It may be Mr. John Burns will revive again. Who knows, perhaps Mr. Ramsay Macdonald will "have a shot"? Or Charlie Chaplin? Why not?

And we cannot prevent these eruptions and indecencies. Not having a proper War Government, not having made the smallest change in methods of Government except to silence criticism by means of a Coalition, we still have the men who were all wrong about the Germans before the war, and consequently can by no reason of logic or sense be expected to do the right things; and so we are still struggling with the old men and the old conditions when the quintessential need of the hour is of new men and of utterly new conditions, in which "Wait and see" must be expunged from the national dictionary. This is the cardinal question of the day in "Blighty," whether we see it to-day or not. Questions of enormous importance await solution—questions which can only be met by national-thinking men of decision and action if the war is in any permanent sense to be constructive to this Empire.

The problem before us consists not so much in the men who abuse the conditions as in the conditions which render this abuse a possibility—the possibility that Lord Haldane can still summon up the audacity to "instruct" us; the possibility that Mr. Churchill can publicly play the fool in the Press on the responsibility of war, as if it was a game of "touch last"; the possibility that "Wait and see" can still cast its blight over the country while the men of Britain are fighting in their millions for its soul and idealism and the very nobility of its civilisation. This is the problem of "Blighty."

I am one of those who believe in a great economic war as the result of this cataclysm, or, to be more accurate, in a stupendous contest of applied national concentration and organisation, in which brains, industry, national discipline, and statecraft will play the controlling part. Arising out of Armageddon we shall be faced with Central Europe and

with the volume of concentrated German hatred as the legacy of our frustration of the Pan-Germanic intention to enthral and "Kultur-ise" Western Europe. And obviously it is the realisation of this fact which prompted the Paris Economic Conference. In this transvaluation of after-war values, systems, principles, ideas, and national ideals, it is impossible to believe that our old system of Manchester *laissez-faire*, the chance of individualistic effort, the casual principle, the old commercial system of Britain will suffice, or that we shall be able to afford the luxury of politics by popularity; which means Government without responsibility. And in this reconstruction, education will be of paramount importance.

Even as Lord Haldane said. Yes, for Lord Haldane, when out of office, can speak sanely enough, and it is precisely there that the danger lurks. If he can persuade us that he knows all about German methods, that he is the man *par excellence* to direct our educational steps, there is no obstacle to his return to grace: none. Our politicians govern by consent—consent which is not the reward of proved merit, or wise selection, or qualities in themselves essential, but of popularity or, in plain words, talk. The principle obtains in full force at this hour. At the War Office we have our political "handy man." At the Admiralty Mr. Balfour presides. Over all the offices there sits with solemn benevolence the spirit of the "safe" man, who, as he never does a bold thing, so never anticipates one. All this is with us to-day, as in the pre-war days when we chattered about universal peace and the financial impossibility of war. The same men rule us and the same principles govern them, and the same old standard of popularity defines their attitudes. If on the field we have learnt many things, in "Blighty" we are still seeking to muddle through with the old lamps which won't burn and the old lampshades through which the light, the new bright light of fact and necessity, breaks through and floods its surroundings.

"Never again"—how often have these words not been uttered! Yet we have changed nothing, so little in point

of fact that Lord Haldane already descries his opportunity. Those who thought this German authority was too completely discredited to venture into the open again, ignore the wood for the trees. In present conditions, the way lies open to him, just as it lies open to any other speaker who can fret the chords of popularity and advertise himself as the "people's" man. It has been said that peace will find us almost as unprepared as war found us, and there is much truth in the contention. That we have need of preparation and readiness few will deny. That we are preparing, are fitting ourselves to face the vital problems which must confront us directly the war is over, few also will assert. "Blighty" remains "Blighty."

We have now a hundred and more Committees. Why? Every man who has ever sat on a Committee knows how "hopeless" they are; that the only yet discovered effective form of a Committee is a posse of not more than three men, of which two are conspicuous for their absence. But the latest Committee, to sit on the principles of the Paris Conference, is an outrage.

In its very constitution we discern at once the lawyer's touch, the poise of the professional adjuster. Extreme Tariff Reformers are balanced against extreme Free Traders. Plainly the Government has not made up their minds, and so they resort to a Committee which is evidently intended as merely an academic symposium. At best it can only arrive at a compromise, with perhaps Majority and Minority reports. It hangs up the whole matter, though immediate decisions are of tremendous importance. But that is not all. To what must be the astonishment of the French, Mr. Hughes—the soul of the Paris Conference—has no place on it, nor are the Dominions even represented.

What does this singular omission mean? There is little need to inquire. In throwing to the public yet another

Committee, Mr. Asquith reckons he has performed another miracle in the gentle art of smoothing everybody.

Take another question, the life of Parliament, and what do we find? No register. The Indispensables have learnt a thing or two from positional warfare; they mean to remain in power indefinitely, to carry out their bats, and so secure do they deem themselves that they never even thought a register worth bothering about. Even the servile Rump squirmed under Mr. Samuel's cynical apologia. Even the Rump knows that some of its members have been disowned by their constituencies; that chock-a-block it was elected primarily to boom Pacifism, Free Trade, Free Churches, Economy, and Labour privilege, and a very considerable portion of it actually to cut down the Navy, to worship Norman Angelism, and generally to foster that spiritualism in which peaceful "Willie" and that daredevil of a Hal found so satisfactory a common denominator with that pearl of altruistic statecraft, the Declaration of London.

This is the price of "indispensability." From his throne of mystery Mr. Asquith scowls upon the refractory members who humbly suggest that perhaps there will have to be an election, that at least it may be as well to have a register. But, naturally, Mr. Asquith does not think so. How should he? He has received the Cecilian blessing of indispensability. His policy has been eminently "successful." With his hundred odd Committees he gives employment to about a thousand men who might otherwise be troublesome. The "poor" are having the wages of their lives, thanks to his policy of no control and no direct taxation. All round he rules by *petits soins*. In the clutch of the Asquith system, England still lacks a constructive policy, and seems afraid to get the Dominions to help her.

And this is the condition that men imply when they refer to the Prime Minister as "the cleverest chap in England." They mean that he understands the art of keeping people contented by avoiding issues, by following the middle course, by tacking, and never taking decisions which may annoy any section of the community likely to

be obstreperous or capable of pricking the bubble of his static indispensability. It is why things don't get done. Government by Committee cannot get things done; also by flooding the country with Committees Mr. Asquith is thereby enabled to duck what responsibility he does choose to recognise, and always to break the back of that unpleasantness by declining to answer the question.

Instead of Government, we have Committees or discussion. Instead of a strong, creative policy of national construction, we have a Rump which represents neither civilians nor soldiers, and is even getting bored with its own servility. Instead of a fighting Ministry as the latent force of war, we have the heterogeneous shreds and patches of the old Haldane Majority struggling with all the devices of the political text-book to hold what still with any decency can be held together. And it is to go on. "Blighty" has no register. The Rump alone can dissolve itself. Besides, there is no other man. No wonder Lord Haldane deems it time to intervene—to save the situation. No wonder we cannot obtain the names of the Huns still trading in this country. No wonder the Germans here change their names. They don't wait to see; and now we shall never know whether Mr. Coventry is a German or not.

There are plenty of men and any amount of women who see all this, and wonder what can be done. To me it is incredible that the Asquith Government should be in office when peace comes to be discussed; not that I think that day is in sight, but in war the unexpected generally occurs, and the one essential thing is to be prepared. But one or two things can, and should be, done. First, we should demand the recall of Mr. Hughes and offer him a seat on the inner Council of War. And, secondly, we should insist on a register being immediately prepared, with the full enfranchisement of both Services. Then—perhaps we shall see. We shall, of course, see if we wait, though not in the same way; yet if we don't take care it is quite conceivable that Mr. Asquith may trip up one of these days over his own sterility and the

country find itself not only without a Government, but without the constitutional means of obtaining one.

For of this we may be sure. For the first time in our history England is out of England. It is an epochal event. When England comes back, when the men who fought for her truth have done their work in France, there will be some liveliness in "Blighty." Already it is the talk of the camps and messes. The insular England of Cobden is no more. For a generation now Englishmen will be soldiers. They will return to think as soldiers and act as soldiers. And they will want men, not lawyer-politicians, Tribitsch Lincolns, and silver-tongued time-servers to lead them. It is Britain's brightest hope. If we fail here now, out of old "Blighty" these men will fashion a young and vigorous England, and there will be short shrift made of those who misled them and who failed in their responsibilities at home.

An "English Review" Y.M.C.A. Hut

We take this opportunity to thank all those who have kindly contributed towards an "English Review" Y.M.C.A. Hut, but we would point out that subscribers are still urgently needed if we are to raise the full amount of a complete hut. We therefore appeal anew with confidence to our readers and friends to help in this good work.

All contributions should be addressed Y.M.C.A., English Review, 17 Tavistock Street, Covent Garden, London.

The Coming Trade War

By Raymond Radclyffe

The Paris Conference has dissolved after having passed various pious resolutions which may, or may not, mean business. Mr. Hughes has been persuaded to leave the country, and the Government has begun to breathe more freely. It did not understand all this talk about a "Trade War." How could it, being composed of lawyer-politicians who are completely ignorant of business? Nevertheless, there are many people in Great Britain and her Colonies who are anxiously scanning the horizon of trade. Such people see clouds. They believe that Germany is piling up stock which, when peace is declared, she will dump upon the markets of the world. They are convinced that a Zollverein of the Central Powers will be established which will include Austria-Hungary, Turkey, Bulgaria, Serbia, and Greece. They foresee Germany again supreme in the Russian markets. They prophesy that Britain will be prohibited by cruel tariffs from selling in any country under the dominion of the Central Powers. Such people believe that the Kartels will in future rule the whole of Europe, and not merely Germany. Switzerland and Italy are to be drawn in; France compelled by force of arms to buy German goods; Norway and Sweden, Holland and Denmark are to become the willing slaves of the Teuton.

Such dreams are terrifying. They have some basis of fact. The German Kartel is the plum-pudding which has given our manufacturers bad dreams. It is an ingenious system which reverses the old-fashioned ideas in trade. In Dublin stout is so cheap that the labourers drink it; in Russia I have paid 10*s.* for a bottle of Guinness. Now if Lord Iveagh had been a German—and it is not Mr. Birrell's fault that he is not to-day a subject of the Kaiser—stout in Dublin would have been a luxury, whilst it might have become so cheap in Moscow as to have driven out

vodka. The Kartel goes upon the principle of compelling its compatriots to pay such a high price for the goods it controls that it can afford to ship the balance of its production at under cost price and still make a profit. Coal at the pit's mouth in South Wales is 10*s*. a ton. It is £3 in Port Said. German iron before the war was 130 marks per ton in Germany, but only 75 marks in Italy. Here we see the difference between the two systems of trade. The pessimist will declare that dumping must pay, otherwise we should not have seen such a huge industrial growth in Germany during the last twenty years. The optimist laughs at dumping, and says that if Germany is fool enough to sell goods under cost, so much the better for the consumer. He wants nothing better than dumping. But I think we make too much of the dumping policy of the German Kartel and too little of the intelligent management which has made these organisations so powerful and so troublesome to those who are up against them. I want more intelligence in British trade.

Therefore I have no hesitation in asking my readers to buy a book just published entitled *The Coming Trade War*, and written by Messrs. Farrow and Crotch. These men of business, who possess the power of expressing their experience in readable phrase, appeal to the British trader to organise for the Trade War which they think will follow upon the declaration of peace. They make some very good points. They want an Industrial Bank which will help the trader here, as the German banker helps his compatriot. They ask that a Ministry of Commerce shall be formed which will send our Trade Ambassadors all over the world. They want all Englishmen to learn foreign languages. They believe that each market should be studied on the spot by men who know the language and are determined to build up a trade by supplying what the inhabitants need. This, I may remark, is quite contrary to the present English custom, which insists upon the foreigner using the goods made by us, whether he likes them or not. Messrs. Farrow and Crotch do not ask for high tariffs, but high intelligence. They believe in technical education. They do not raise controversial questions, and both Free Trader and Protectionist can therefore read the book without undue anger. It is full of sound common sense, not theory.

Englishmen must face this question of German competition seriously. I am one of those who believe that one of the reasons why Germany went to war was to strengthen her trade-hold upon the world She had gone ahead too fast. Her factories had outgrown the needs of their customers and new markets became a necessity. The Prussian cult of force came in. Other nations must be forced to buy German goods. Hence the war. The idea of defeat never entered into the mind of any German. She had built gigantic factories which needed orders. What could be more simple than to *make* the world give those orders? The scheme has not materialised. It never can. Therefore the German will have to fall back upon his business capacities, which are remarkable. Having lost the war, he will be all the more determined not to lose his trade also.

Before the war began Russia was one of Germany's best customers. The trade between the two countries was growing each year. Germany could actually send corn grown in East Prussia and undersell the Russians, and this very corn was sown and harvested by Polish labourers, of whom some 250,000 went each spring into Prussia and returned in the winter. Thus the German got cheap labour and made the Russian buy German corn. The German commercial penetration of Russia was complete, and one of the reasons for going to war was that the Russians had decided to revise the treaties made by Count Witte after the Japanese War.

The Russian likes the Englishman, and especially the Scotsman, whose Paisley dialect can hardly be distinguished from Russian. He will do business with an Englishman in preference to a German, whose manners he hates. But the Russian must have long credit. All nations whose main prosperity depends upon their crops need long credit. The crops are garnered once a year, and then, and then only, can the goods purchased be paid for. The risk is not great and the German took it gladly. We must do the same if we would capture the huge Russian trade. I have been in Russia many times, and I have no hesitation in saying that it is the richest country in the world in natural resources. These we have totally neglected, thanks in the main to foolish political prejudices, which are now happily at an end. I have preached the wealth of Russia

for years and no one has listened. But to-day I see signs of a change. The manufacturer, the financier both envy the wealth which the French have accumulated out of their Russian business. They are also beginning to see that the Germans have exploited Russia at our expense. We may lose our German trade when the war ends. We shall not feel the loss if we replace the German orders with those which Russia is waiting to give us. Indeed, we shall double our profits, for the German is a keen buyer and the Russian somewhat sentimental.

Messrs. Farrow and Crotch suggest Italy as a new market. They are right. Germany has almost monopolised Italian trade. She has financed the manufacturers of Northern Italy. She made a treaty which Count Caprivi arranged, and which was founded upon a basis of low tariffs. It is most unlikely that Italy will continue her close commercial and financial arrangements with Germany when the war ends. We now supply Italy with her coal, but Germany sends her iron and cotton goods. We can easily capture the bulk of this business, and that without any tariff agreement at all. We must finance Italy as Germany has done. An Italian Bank has already been arranged, and others will follow. Then we can do all the business.

The German has a very strong hold on Brazil and South America. But he is not popular. We are. But our travellers must speak Spanish and Portuguese, and they must offer the goods the Brazilian and the Argentine need. Also our banks must be more accommodating. In China we already do the lion's share of the trade, but we must not let it go, because Germany, though she has lost Kiau Chau, does not mean to let go her trade also. The Chinese trade must be held, and held hard.

We have a long struggle in front of us. But if we follow the advice of Messrs. Farrow and Crotch we shall come out victorious. Financially, we have Germany beaten; she is almost beaten in a military sense. She can be easily beaten commercially if we learn from her how to trade on scientific lines, how to educate our workmen, how to instal chemists in all our works, and how to make the goods the customers want. I think this our hardest task.

Books

ESSAYS AND GENERAL LITERATURE

In Slums and Society: Reminiscences of Old Friends. By James Adderley. London: Fisher Unwin. 6*s*.

This is quite one of the most entertaining and altogether companionable books of memories that has appeared for a very long time. There is an engaging frankness about the manner in which Father Adderley, or his publishers, have printed on the paper wrapper of the volume a list of the Old Friends about whom reminiscences will be found within—a list ranging the notabilities of the past forty years, from Archbishop Benson to Mr. Ben Tillett. So, as the advertisements say, if you see what attracts you on the cover, kindly step inside; you will certainly not be disappointed. "Father Jim" must have been blessed at his christening by whatever fairy distributes the gift of remembering good stories. Never was such a collection of anecdotes, an astonishing number of them new, and none without a fine point, sharpened by the manner of its telling. There are actually fresh *mots* of Wilde, and at least one example (new to me) of the trenchant Temple manner. This is it. A certain Mrs. Quiverfull once cried gushingly to him, "Oh, my lord, I don't believe you have seen my last baby." To which he replied, "Madam, I don't believe I ever shall!" A book of which it may be said with literal truth that it contains no dull page.

A Complete Hankin.

The Dramatic Works of St. John Hankin. Limited Definitive Edition in 3 volumes. London: Martin Secker. 25*s*. the set.

Speaking precisely, these lines can hardly be called a review of the three handsome and dignified volumes in which Mr. Secker has collected the dramatic remains of the late St. John Hankin, since the books have already

been issued for some time. But as it happens that chance has only lately brought them to the writer's notice, he hastens (as some slight return for much pleasure) to make public acknowledgment of their excellence. Perhaps we have hardly yet reached the moment when St. John Hankin's contribution to the literature of the stage can be fairly estimated. Mr. John Drinkwater, in his admirably written Introduction, probably comes as near to a right appreciation of the late dramatist's place in theatrical letters as is at present possible. For the rest, here are the plays, and we can all read and judge for ourselves. Not only the plays are given (including the two curtain-raisers, one a futility, the other a gem of delicate comedy, perhaps the most perfectly successful thing Hankin ever wrote), but following these there are printed a half-dozen essays on various subjects connected with the theatre. In short, a complete Hankin—almost; one might have wished (for the fun of the thing) to see included those witty and surely apt satires, the "Dramatic Sequels" or the "Lost Masterpieces." It is perhaps impossible to read the plays without feeling that, full as they are of an art both delicate and sincere, Hankin's dramatic muse was of a somewhat anæmic habit. Wit he had in abundance, and the faculty of dialogue, the kind of dialogue that is the result of actuality plus imagination. Moreover, when all is said, it should be recalled that Hankin was a pioneer, a voice in the little group that began, with the beginning of the new century, to cry aloud in the wilderness of the English theatre. As Mr. Drinkwater rightly says, he was one of the first who sought to bring back sincerity and a fit dignity of form to a great art. For that reason alone these volumes should be read and owned by everyone to whom the drama is more than a passing show.

FICTION

THE RIGHT DIVINE. By W. HAROLD THOMSON. Chapman and Hall. 6*s*.

CHAPEL. By MILES LEWIS. Heinemann. 6*s*.

Here are two first novels of promise, and with the usual faults associated with such work: glibness of phrase and

over-elaboration of detail. These overcome, there is no reason why Mr. Thomson and Mr. Lewis should not become popular sellers.

"The Right Divine" is tensely written. It tells the doings of a young Scottish Presbyterian minister, who, with his soul in revolt against the iniquity of his kirk, comes to London and takes up journalism. He meets a girl, separates from her, weds her, whereon they two return to Scotland. There should be brisk bidding for Mr. Thomson's future work.

Mr. Miles Lewis is more sincere. He must have read Mr. Bennett and Mr. Onions, and every other writer of minute literature. "Chapel" does not concern Welsh Nonconformity, and it concerns Wales very little. The author makes a laudable attempt to describe the re-birth of a decaying family, and though he is neither subtle nor analytical, he has succeeded in writing a readable, at times an exciting, story. But he has failed to give us a sensation of the atmosphere which a work of this class demands.

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